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SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

This illustrious philosopher, the glory of his country and of his race, was the son of Isaac Newton, proprietor of the manor of Woolsthorp, in the parish of Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire; and he was born at the manor-house December 25, 1642. Recent researches have made it appear that the family was originally from Scotland, Sir Isaac's grandfather having been one of the many natives of that country who emigrated to the South with James VI.

Newton was an only and a posthumous child, his father having died a few months before his birth, at the age of thirty-six. His mother about four years afterwards married a second husband, a Mr. Barnabas Smith, minister of the neighbouring parish of North Witham; and her son was upon this left at his paternal estate under the charge of her mother. He was first put to a small day school at Skillington, and then to another at Stoke; from which last he was removed, when he had reached the age of twelve, to the *grammar-school of Grantham*, the country town. Here he boarded at the house of a Mr. Clark, an apothecary, the various chemical preparations and other curious contents of whose shelves are supposed to have contributed to awaken his taste for physical investigation and experiment.

His genius for mechanical invention, now began to display itself in the construction of many curious pieces of workmanship, which were a water-mill, a water-clock, a carriage in which he could wheel himself round his room, and other similar contrivances. He appears also to have already to have begun to study Geometry, making his way, it is said, through the elements of Euclid, with so much ease that a rapid perusal of the demonstrations in their order sufficed to make him master of them; he read the work as if it had been a history or a tale.

After he had spent a few years at Grantham, however, his mother who had returned to Woolsthorp, upon the death of her husband, in 1656, took him home, intending to employ him in farming the property, which was a very small one, that he might lead a country life as his father and grandfather had done. But occupations of this kind had no attraction for the young philosopher.

When he was sent along with a servant to Grantham to dispose of the produce of the farm, he used to leave the man to go by himself to market, while he either sat down with a book in his hand by the road-side, or repaired to his former lodgings at the apothecary's and shut himself up beside a parcel of old books in the garret. At length, convinced he would never make a good farmer, his mother consented to allow him to follow the bent of his inclinations. He then returned for nine months to the grammar-school of Grantham; and on the expiration of that period, in June, 1660, proceeded to *Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he applied himself to his studies and especially to mathematical science, with extraordinary ardour*; and, although the statement is so *wonderful* as almost to seem incredible, appears actually to have completed all the splendid discoveries which immortalized his name, for the first six years of his academic course. In 1664 he purchased a prism, or triangular piece of glass, for the purpose of trying some experiments, suggested by a work of diseases; and the investigations upon which he thus entered led him gradually to his great discovery of the composition of light, and the unequal refrangibility of the different sorts of rays, the doctrine from which nearly the whole of modern optical science is derived. In or before the year 1666, he had invented his new instrument of calculation, the method of fluxions, the grand auxiliary to which physical science in almost every department owes its chief triumphs, and without which it would have been comparatively helpless. And it was also in 1666 that having retired to Woolsthorp, in order to avoid the plague, which then raged at Cambridge, he was, while sitting in his mother's garden, struck with the first idea of his theory of universal gravitation, by the simple incident of an apple dropping from a tree. He immediately entered into the calculations necessary to verify the hypothesis he had formed, and would have then established its truth if he had possessed accurate measurements of all the distances which he had to take into account; but being misled by certain incorrect statements, which prevented the result of his investigations from turning out what it ought to have done, he desisted in the mean time from the further prosecution of the subject, and it was not till sixteen or seventeen years afterwards that, with rectified data, he resumed it, and soon brought it to a triumphant conclusion. Meanwhile he had taken his degree of B. A. in 1665, had become a junior Fellow of his college in 1667, had graduated M. A. in 1668, and in the same year had obtained a senior Fellowship. In 1669 Dr. Barrow, having accepted the chair of Divinity, resigned the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics, when Newton was appointed his successor. In January 1672, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and almost immediately after began to contribute to the transactions accounts of his discoveries in optics, which fixed upon him the attention of men of science in every part of Europe. These and his other communications also involved him in many vexatious controversies, into the history of which it is impossible for us to enter here, but which appear to have greatly annoyed and distressed his placid and sensitive disposition, and even at times to have made him almost regret that he had not hidden the light that fell upon him within his own bosom. "I blame my own imprudence," he exclaims in one of his letters, "for parting with so real a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow." He at last requested Oldenburg, the Secretary of the Royal Society, to prevent the appearance, as far as he conveniently could, of any objections or philosophical letters that might be sent respecting his discoveries. He also expressed the utmost aversion to the publication of his Principia, the immortal disclosure of his Philosophy of the Universe, when the society, first applied to him to let them print it. "Philosophy," he says writing on the subject to Halley," is such an *impertinently litigious lady*, that a man had as good be engaged in law-suits as have to do with her." He was, however, eventually prevailed upon to yield; and the work appeared in May 1687. His optics he would not publish till the year 1704, two years after the death of his pertinacious tormentor Hooke, who, while he lived, had almost regularly either contested the truth of every discovery of Newton announced, or claimed it as his own. In 1688, Newton, who had some time before distinguished himself by his defence of the privileges of the University against certain *arbitrary attempts of James II., was returned* as one of its representatives to the convention of Parliament. In 1695 he was appointed to the office of Warden, and in 1699 to that of Master of the Mint, a place worth about *l*1,500 a year. He now relinquished the teaching of his class to Mr. Whiston, to whom he gave all the emoluments; and in 1703 he resigned the chair. In 1701 he was again returned to Parliament for the University of Cambridge. In 1703 he was elected for the first time to the Presidency of the Royal Society; and he was annually re-elected to the same high office while he lived. In 1705 he received the honor of Knighthood. The remainder of his life, except while engaged with the duties of his office, was spent as the previous portion of it had been, in constant study, almost every department of human knowledge receiving in its turn some new light from his singularly-gifted intellect. Newton died at his home in Orbell's Buildings, now Pitt's Building's, Kensington, *between one and two o'clock in the morning of Monday*, the 20th of March, 1727, *in the eighty-fifth year of his age.*

From the Casket.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

It was a narrow cell, with a small grated window or loop hole, near the ceiling. *No light*, however, streamed in, for the twilight was past. A dim lamp, suspended by an iron chain, just revealed a rough stone wall, a miserable flock bed, and an oak table, with the figure of a man seated at it, and resting his head upon his hand. He appeared to be in the prime of life, and his was a face, that once looked upon, could not be forgotten. The high broad forehead—the dark commanding brow—the full penetrating eye—the Roman features—all spoke a soul, cast in nature's loftiest mould—and such was that of the captive—the flower of England's chivalry—the intellectual, the brave—the noble Sidney.

Algernon Sidney was of the highest rank, and purest lineage in the land. He was the son of the Earl of Leicester, and the blood that flowed in his veins, was the same as that *which had swelled the heart of the mirror of knighthood*—the warrior band, who yielded up his life on Zutphen's well fought field; but he had surrendered the pride of birth; he had thrown aside the distinctions of rank; he had torn off the insignia of nobility. He was a republican; he had stood forth for the rights of the people—he had assisted in prostrating a legal tyranny. But he regarded the tyrant as more weak than wicked—the victim of evil counsellors, and a bad education; and he would not sit in judgment upon him. A successful usurper sought to quiet his opposition, by the offer of place and power; but the offer was indignantly spurned, and Algernon Sidney strove, but strove in vain, to rouse an insulted people to a sense of their degradation. When that usurper was gathered to his fathers, he had hopes, that the spirit of liberty would again revive, and that he might be instrumental in re-kindling the flame of patriotism in the English breast—but he was disappointed—the people were sunable as water—they yearned after the happiness, and pomp, and show of monarchy—a new king was welcomed with triumphant shouts—*the* increase of education rose high—and Algernon Sidney, turned with disgust—and, a voluntary exile—bade his native isle farewell.

But, still, his heart turned fondly to England—the land of his birth—his home—"with all her faults, he loved her still"—and he returned. The chain was upon his country. A reckless profligate was on its throne—a band of miscreants ruled its destinies—the spirit of persecution was abroad—the degradation of servitude was spreading like a pestilence—the prisons were filled with the suspected—the scaffold was kept moist with innocent blood—the curse of despotism was withering the land.

The soul of Sidney was moved with fervent indignation. He expressed himself with strength. He was a marked man; and those who stood around the sceptered prodigate, and ministered to his selfishness, resolved, that to effect the destruction of this dangerous opponent, was absolutely necessary. He was accused of high treason, and thrown into a prison—the patriot Russel, was one of those, who were charged with being his confederates.

Russel died upon the scaffold.—His blood cried to Heaven—it watered the tree of liberty; it is not yet dried up—nor ever will be, until tyranny has no longer a resting place on the earth. Sidney knew that he was already doomed to follow him; but he was determined to assert to the *very last*, the rights with which the law hedged him, who stood upon his trial for life or death—although those rights, so dear to Englishmen, had now become a name alone.

We have looked into Sidney's prison, and beheld him in deep thought—but undismayed. His was a firmness, that misfortune and suffering could not overcome. He knows that to-morrow, he must confront the ruffian Jeffries, as his judge—he knows, that the blood of his noble friend, is upon his robes—he is aware that the sacred requisitions of that law, which the unjust Judge has sworn to maintain, will not be permitted to stand in the way of the sentence of condemnation. But he has made up his mind, to insist on all the forms—he considers it his duty, to resist to the utmost, the violation of law and justice in his person—for himself, it will avail nothing—but posterity will hear the story of his wrongs—posterity will read the record of *his trial. He rises—his frame heaves—his eye brightens—his lip quivers with emotion*—the thought of posterity—the ultimate triumph of the "good old cause!"—he feels—he feels.

They never fail, who die
In a great cause.

Algernon Sidney is at the bar. He beholds a corrupt bench, and a packed jury. But his countenance, though grave, is yet calm and serene. Witnesses are produced to prove a plot. They undertake to talk of a plot, but do not implicate Sidney. He objects to such testimony as irrelevant and illegal. Jeffreys knows it to be so, but disregards the objection. Still, the Chief Justice wears a look of disappointment. At length Lord Howard—the poor—cowardly—creeping poltroon—advances, as a witness, to the stand. He tells a disconnected, incoherent story, and charges a treasonable design upon Sidney and himself. He is willing to sell the life of him, whom he called his friend, to buy his own exemption from punishment—but to secure the merited ignominy of the real traitor. A grim malicious smile—the smile of a fiend, is just perceptible upon the swarthy visage of Jeffries. Yet, however, the forms, at least, of the law, must be apparently observed. Two witnesses are necessary to convict of high treason; here is but one!—The difficulty has been provided for—a glance of intelligence passes between the Judge and the public prosecutor—and a manuscript—pronounced a libel, is produced—the manuscript of Sidney's memorial work on government.—That manuscript supplies the place of a witness.—It was rifled from his drawer—the evidence of witnesses who swear merely from a comparison of hand-writing is admitted—the Judge decides, that the proof is sufficient.—Sidney exclaims against this injustice, and appeals, but of course, is vain, to the packed jury. They are directed to find him guilty—and they obey. The sentence is pronounced. He must die. The noble Sidney raised his eyes to Heaven, and uttered a fervent prayer to the God in whom he trusted—that his blood, thus to be unjustly shed, might not be visited upon his country—his appeal was to the God of justice, was, that his beloved country might be preserved, and her oppressors punished—that the "good old cause" of human freedom—that the "good old cause" of human liberty, to which, from his youth up, he had been devoted, might yet be maintained, and prove successful. The inhuman Jeffreys insulted the martyr, by telling him, that he hoped, he was fit for Heaven, for he certainly was unfit for earth. Sidney stretched out his arm—"Feel my pulse," said he, "it is calm and regular—never was my mind more deliberate than now—I speak from my heart, the words of truth and soberness."

Upon *Tower Hill*, there are preparations for a sacrifice—a scaffold—a block, covered with black cloth—an axe—an executioner—a victim, is also there. Algernon Sidney is upon the scaffold, with his neck bared for the fatal stroke. He stands erect in conscious rectitude. Never was his look more lofty, than it is now. He gives the legal officer in attendance, a paper, in which he demonstrates the illegality of his sentence—the injustice of his fate. But he is willing to suffer for the "good old cause." A prayer for his country trembles on his lips. His head is upon the block—the axe falls—the dark tragedy is over—but its effects—they shall not cease, until the dominion of every oppressor is levelled with the dust.

J. S.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THEORY.

Sire adulation is a foul thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a king.
Dr. Walcott's Peter Pindar.

Theories are now days quite the rage. Almost every man hasn theory of his own on all such topics as is the least interest him, and what is very remarkable it would be exceedingly difficult to find two who entertain similar opinions on similar subjects. Every man's interests differ from or conflict with, in one way or another, those of his *friend*, and every man adapts *his* views or theories to his respective interests. Perhaps this will account for finding men's opinions so much at variance. For an illustration—a man who is very fond of the pleasures of a luxurious table, insists that it is good to give the belly as much as the taste and appetite demand, and without further comment on the matter he rests content with the supposed accuracy of his opinion. He says "Let me have fat meat about me—block-headed men and such as sleep well o'nights."

Another man who from any peculiar idiosyncrasy, or deficiency of constitution, is convinced that his body requires abstinence, argues that it is not good for men to eat too much! And that all men *should diet*, nor any apply "hot and rebellious liquors to the blood." This theory satisfies him and as a general rule he restrains non visceral of its propriety just so long as till such time as his body is restored to a healthy condition when his opinions like Jim Crow, "turn about," and he immediately begins to bethink him of framing a *new theory*.

Many people who are fond of palming, will afford another exemple (their opinions are always founded on self interest) to elucidate the truth of my argument. If they discover any articles or substances which they can turn to a profitable account they *think* they must *take a little* of it. But if they should happen to have stolen already as many of the ingredients as they could advantageously dispose of, "why then they just let them alone and said no more about them," as Dogberry has it.

I make this assertion because the propensity which some persons manifest for stealing has been unwisely ascribed to a species of insanity, denominated monomania, but it is not the true theory: *mine is the only true one.* Monomania, so called, may answer the purpose, in many instances, of a key to unlock the iron door which conceals the *mysterious* that govern men's actions, but it will not answer in the case in question.

I will admit that many of the *phenomena of the present day* may be accounted for by this remedy: but the theory of the disease itself will require a modification before it can be fully efficient.

Why the consequence of this disease or mere change of function, has received the sub-tuary name of monomania, which signifies nearly an one subject only, I am not able to say. I will not doubt, however but that the name in some instances may be correct enough, but I have formed a theory of my own which undoubtedly has a *wider application*; and must insist that men *may* have a disease *pathologically* as chirurgions say, similar to the one under consideration, and be intimate on more subjects than *one*, for it is by no means incommon at the present crisis, to see men insane on three, four, five and even six different topics, at the same time. The name should, therefore, admit of variations numerically, according to the number of topics on which the individual might happen to be at fault. When this has been accomplished this disease might be made subservient to many purposes. It would serve as an *empirical* cloak for the hypocrite.

What would become of the world were it not for this thing called theory, that block-heads so often rail about?

All men would "*stick to facts*," I suppose, as the usual way, and the consequence would be that all men would be of the *same opinion right or wrong*. No man can form an opinion or judgment without thinking, or what is more specific *reflecting* after his own manner, and what is this but *theorising*? The two things are synonymous. But enough of gravity—I began to write on ideas and opinions.

The striking difference of these in different individuals is sometimes almost incredible. As I sat one day at the table of a hotel close by two gentlemen—(late in debate) I heard one ask the other what he considered the most striking characteristic he had observed in man, during his varied intercourse with the world. "To me the one characteristic which I have observed," was the answer, "not as a mere, *general* attribute, to be collated in three, four or five, out of six, but which if men be taken severally and singly, will be found to exist to an indomitable extent in all: whether their calling be on the high-seas, high-ways or in the wilderness, and this characteristic is the thirst for power, distinction, and glory." "*Not so*," said the querist, "I am sorry I can't agree with you altogether in that opinion—a hem." "Why not," inquired the oracle? "*Why*—eh—eh—the fact of it is you see it is not exactly coincident with my *mode of thinking*, and in a word, I—eh—eh—have always been of the opinion that there is one striking characteristic of the human family not to be considered as a mere general attribute so to be collated in three, four or five, out of six, but which if men be taken severally and singly, will be found to exist to an indomitable extent in all—eh: that calling be on the high-seas, highways, or whether in the wilderness, and this characteristic—then—is the thirst for power, distinction and glory has—a hem." As he finished he struck the table horribly with his hand, and cut with an air of much import reiterating at the same, "That's my opinion." Now I hope it will not be for a moment supposed that this man was a fool by the "*entire log*," inasmuch as *according to the general rule*, (this general rule is a useful thing) he was very little at variance with mankind in general: seeking being more common than to mistake one thing for another.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

The story of the *Chameleon*, (every one I presume has read the story of the Chameleon) only wants a slight alteration to make it exceedingly piquant and useful at the present time as well as applicable to my theory. It should run in exactly as it is with one exception, the word Chameleon should be expunged and the little word "*Turtle*," placed in lieu of it. Surely there is but little merit in men seeing a thing different*ly*, which actually undergoes a change. We of the present day, deserve far greater applause, for we can see things differently that undergo no change whatever.

I suppose that it is this faculty, which gives rise to the wonderful conceit some people entertain for themselves. Many people have such self confidence, that they imagine the mere fact of their differing in opinion from all other people, is an indisputable criterion, that every body else is in the wrong, and they alone are right. This is very common, but it is a purely logical proof of the utter stupidity and ignorance of such individuals. I might be mistaken in the opinion as splenetic and jaundice are very apt to distort and misrepresent things, but then again I might not. People that travel about to take down "men and manners," are frequently subject to these maladies—hence the different variations: white, yellow, mahogany, and so forth.

We often mistake an honest man for a thief, but much oftener is it vice versa, we mistake the thief for an honest man. This is not very strange, in as much as the *external* differences are likely to incline our opinions on the wrong side of the question.

We mistake riches for poverty, but much more frequently poverty for riches. Learning is mistaken for true genius. Sometimes pride for ignorance but much more frequently ignorance for pride.

The latter is an almost universal error. The majority of people the smartest they meet a stupid ignorant man in company, set him down as a proud man, as pieces of an ounce, "weighs him down as an." Some men are much more easily mistaken: this class easily affect pride as the most profitable mode of hiding their natural deficiencies.

So ther should we be surprised at this mistake,—the two things are synonymous. For are they not? some will pride nature's demagogue may ask. It can be proved.

Pride and self-conceit, are synonymous; *self-conceit* and *self-love* are not. Two things that are not like unto the same thing, are not like unto each other, ergo, self-conceit and self-love, not being like unto the same thing, cannot be like unto each other. Proposition the birth of education, for it is common to the ignorant. It is not confined to those of respectable birth, for we find it in the low born, (so called) though the bad, (the place on which this anonymous event usually takes place,) may have been as high as the chimney pots.

Is it peculiar to individuals of acknowledged acquirements and abilities? No. Has a distinguished boy or the great authors? No. What is it? What I have proved it to be: another name is self-conceit, and is often found among the dishonest. There are many things mistaken for pride (so called.) I may instance one: Put a new dress on a person who has been in the habit of wearing shabby apparel, he will be immediately converted into a proud man. When he gets his new clothes on, it will attract the eyes of others towards him. This is a thing he is not used to, as no body thought him particularly worthy of their notice, while plainly dressed. It makes him feel awkward, and he begins to think, he does not walk right or stand as he ought.

He does not know exactly, how his hands should hang. While in his old clothes he has got in the habit of dispos*ing* of these members, by thrusting them into his pantaloons' pockets, he wishes that there to do so *still*, but in failed, the pantaloons being made in the fashion and the pockets buttoned close. He feels that there is something wrong, or that some accident is liable every moment to happen to him. When persons are looking at him, he is constantion a strain, his muscular fibres become more tense, of an unbecoming and often ridiculous stiffness takes the place of all the grace he ever possessed. The change is invariably attributed to *pride*.

If the Editor considers this worth the publication, which has nothing whatever to recommend it except it be admitted to possess some novelty of style, I will furnish him at some future day, with a more laughable essay on "*inconsistencies*," which *found* a few evenings ago while searching for a rat, *whose tail* I accidentally spied upon the uppermost shelf of an old frame work, which fills up one side of my room, and bears the name as well as answers the purpose of a book-case.

The varmint had eaten his way through one of the best volumes of my Encyclopedia Americana, and it was well I caught a glimpse of these "inconsistencies," carefully folded to put me in good humour, or I should have been in a thundering rage.

G.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

There are three hundred thousand drunkards in the United States.—*Late Temperance Report.*

In a cavern dark and deep—immensely wide and long.
Stood waiting to receive their doom, a dense, unsightly throng,
And they shouted forth—"We muster here, three hundred thousand strong.

"Three hundred thousand strong we are, and in the Devil's name,
All that be promised us on earth, we have a right to claim;
For we followed him with heart and soul, through ruin, blood and shame."

The Devil cast a scornful glance, and stamping on the ground,
The infernal imps came rushing in—'twas an unearthly sound:
Dancing with torches in and out, and the unhappy men confound.

Not in the wildest, craziest dream, the trembard ever knew,
Was there a scene so dire as this, that around such terror threw,
For the imps breathed fire and brandished chains, as through the cave they flew.

"Come range yourselves," then Satan cried, "ye men of sin and bone—
Let the one half be marshal'd here, the right side of my throne."
Their pallid looks and sullen awe, were by the torch light shown.

"Let one be spokesman for the rest—some, say what ye have done;
What was the mischief that ye hatched; what the wild course ye run?
For, according to your accursed deeds, must be your wages won."

Then up spoke one of squalid mien—"All shame behind we cast,
Dram after dram we eager took, each stronger than the last,
Until in drunken dreams, we lost all memory of the past.

"We did not steal, we did not forge; but when our brain was fired
With maddening drink, some stronger still stronger we required,
And then we cursed and gam'd, until all sense of shame expired.

"Then we went on," the pale man cried, "our friends for very shame,
No longer took us by the hand, neighbor spoke our name;
And not a decent soul on earth, would our acquaintance claim.

"There's no misfortune in the world, no loss by fire or sea,
Can waste our property so fast, as that vile enemy,
Which mounts up to our very brain, and makes us subjects fit for thee.

"Then cease your whisperings in our ear—starve and ill treat your wife,
And reader her once happy home, a scene of sloth and strife,
Until through sickness, want and woe, she lowbe her wretched life.

"Our families thus stript of all, by the low course we run;
No longer had a house or home—then pity came from none;
For he who comes to want by drink, all the industrious shun.

"Most miserably we breathed our last; some in the gutters fell;
Some died of hunger in the street, some in the constable's cell;
All that we suffered, none but those who die of drink can tell!"

"Bravo—bravo," the Devil cried—"thanks to my merry men all,
Had you but strength of wind and limb, you'd join the Devil's ball;
A fiery dance it is my boys, and the stoutest might appall.

"So you died of rum'—ha, ha, ye fools, where'er you took a sup,
Did not the liquid fire proclaim the Devil was in the cup,
And that it was by my command its spirit mounted up?

"You had your frolick out on earth, and now I must have mine;
You shall help clean the filthiest sty; for you lived the life of swine;
And your drink you'll find is hot enough, when you smell the Devil's wine.

"Down with them—down—the vulgar souls, they don't deserve a thought;
Men that might be with angels now, are thus to Satan brought,
Who, for a few hot draughts of rum, their precious souls has bought.

"Now for the rest—be other half—come forward, let us hear,
What pleasures found ye in the draught—the draught of crime and fear,
Did the liquor bring you peace on earth—or was it bought too dear?"

Then up the bold six of them spoke—but different from the last,
For a fiery soul he blazed above, and furious looks he cast,
But the devil with his withering eye could a stronger spirit blast.

"So you want to know"—said the hardened man, who never shame had shown—
"We drank strong rum till by degrees, our hearts were turned to stone—
Every dram cost the young a tear—the aged some a groan.

"We robbed the church—we stole the dead—all with a relish we lived
We ruined reputations, too—we were a fiendlike band
Villains and rogues in every sense—pirates by sea and land.

"We turned our parents to the street, and many a tender child
Then while we educated him was distilled and mild,
Was trained to *drink*, and lie, and steal, with every passion wild.

"Would you hear more? Rum made us brutes, it quench'd each human spark
We scuttled vessels on the deep—we stabbed men in the dark,
And on our guilty front we bore the first born murderer's mark.

"Many a poor soul, unfit for death, we hurried to the tomb
Till envy for the worst of crimes would rum allow us room,
Black, therefore, as these walls in sin, we come to the *worst* doom.

"A drunken wretch who coveted his poor wife's hoarded gains—
(Which for her child-ren she had earn'd, with hard bought care and pains)
Stole from her chest her little hoard, and then beat out her brains."

"Another drunkard's poor starved wife, lay dead upon the floor,
She had a baby in her arms, that pressed with hunger sore,
Was wailing out his little plaints to ears that heard no more.

"The current father, with a laugh—regardless of its cause,
Snatched up the child, and one by one, he broke its little bones,
It was enough—the murderous act—to move the very stones."

"These refer to cases lately recorded in the newspapers.

"Another drunkard's child—just dead—its mother weeping o'er—
While still it in the coffin lay—he, with a yell and roar—
Struck with his fist, its pale, cold face, and dash'd it on the floor."

"Hold!" cried the Devil in dismay—the imps stood shuddering near,
"For this foul act which has no name, not even glanced at here,
He shall receive a punishment, most fit, most dire, most drear.

"He who commits a crime on earth when injured in the brain,
Either by grief, calamity, or any sudden pain,
Is not considered criminal, and on him rests no stain.

"But he who in a drunken fit, a maniac though he be,
Commits a crime, is lost to hope, pity or clemency,
A power much greater than my own, assigns his fate to me.

"But quick, go on," the Devil cried—"We sallied out at night,
Oh then we burst the cemetry, that was a glorious sight;
The sacred relics we destroyed and put the nuns to flight.

"And by the light of their blazing walls, we stole their goods away,
We violated e'en their tombs, all in the face of day,
We burnt their books, useless to us, for drunkards seldom pray.

"And for that crime, which in this land, had never yet been known,
We scarce received a reprimand, mercy to all was shown,
The loss of property and life fell on the nuns alone!

"Some of us perished out at sea, some on the gallows died;
Thousands were butchered in the wars, like cattle side by side;
Many by suicide's pain fell, many by suicide."

"Well done, brave," the Devil cried—"You drank the potent spell,
This is the way we work our ends, in this way people sell,
You've worked your way to my abode, and earned your wages well.

"Come on my imps, bind them in chains, hit up the iron door."
Down, down they fell to the lowest pit, with horrid anguished roar,
The holes were closed, the bolts of death, their name was known no more.

"Strike up the dance," then Satan cried, "and drown the wretches cries,
And some of you the essence catch, which from their body flies,
Make it to circulate in plants, so upward let it rise.

"The essential power of alcohol can never be destroyed.
Its atoms will combine anew, and be again employed,
As potent as it was at first, unchanged and unalloyed.

"We'll put a drop in every cup, a poison sure and slow,
And give three hundred thousand more a taste of sin and woe,
How else but for a charm like this, should man the Devil know."

Thus mortal's the Evil one, whilst groans which struck with awe,
Came mingling with the sounds of mirth, as near the Devil's draw,
Shouting—three hundred thousand souls—home, huzza, huzza!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Selected for the S. E. Post.

THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

"Constantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money.

Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education, when he was in the twentieth year of his age; he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her, and by the advantage of a good person, humble address, conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia.

A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their future lives.

It unfortunately happened that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards him, insomuch that he forbade him his house and charged his daughter, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the lovers who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he treated out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted the matter so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia was overawed by the authority of her father, and unable to object anything to so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia:

The thoughts of Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear, since I there live to see you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; the sight is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as THEODOSIUS.

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who mused at the reading of it, and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messages that came to her father's house, one after another, to inquire if they had heard anything of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had long upon his mind somewhile before, make them apprehend the worst that could befall them. Constantia who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused herself of having so rashly given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius, in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her as full as guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter, and did not find a very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a match of convenience than of Love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her affections had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years abated the vigilance of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquility, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. The father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to the neighbouring city, in order to look out for a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Roman church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessionals for pardon and consolation, our beautiful weary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became rendered for his sanctity in life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the Prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaved head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the ruins of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him, and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence she burst out in tears and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forebear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius.

The father, who, by this time, had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of so unparalleled fidelity from one who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrows, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her, from time to time, be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure.

After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form: directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. She retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having massed his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would, from time to time, continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters." Go on cheerfully in the glorious courage you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novitiate and father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter:

"As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death was so heavy upon your thoughts, is not alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another, will make us more happy in the disappointments, than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father Francis."

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter and upon reflecting on the voice, the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, it is enough, says she, he is still in being; I shall live with content and die in peace.

E. M. P. D.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From the "Book of Nature" for January.

ORANG OUTANG.

The orang-outang, on his arrival in Java, from Batavia, was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within a day or two of being put on board the ship, to be conveyed to England; and, while at large, made no attempt to escape, but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage, for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces: but, finding that they did not yield to his efforts, he fixed them separately, and, having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly, till he had broken it, and made his escape—On board ship, an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off, with the chain dragging behind; but, finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice, and threw it over his shoulder.—The knot he often repeated, and, when he found that it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but, when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait in the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the ratlines from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and darting them over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear he was falling; but I soon found, that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

Whilst in Java, he lodged in a large tamarind tree near my dwelling; and formed a bed by interweaving the small branches and covering them with leaves.—During the day he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under, and, when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sunset,—or sooner, if he had been well fed,—and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he habitually received food.

On board ship, he commonly slept at the mast-head after wrapping himself in a mat. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven; and, having arranged himself with the part of his arrangement, spread out the mat, and, lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him, by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the mat from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest until I had resigned it. If it was large enough for both, he would quiet

fices. They have been taught to pound substances in a mortar, and fetch water from the river in jugs. But unless there are immediately taken from them on their arrival at the door, they let them fall; and, when they see them lying broken in pieces, they utter a lamentable kind of cry.

Proofs of Intelligence.—Speaking of the Chimpanzee of Africa, M. De Grandpré says,—"His sagacity is extraordinary; he generally walks upon two legs, supporting himself with a stick. The negro fears him, and not without reason, as he sometimes treats him very roughly." M. De Grandpré saw, on board of a vessel, a female chimpanzé, which exhibited wonderful proofs of intelligence. She had learnt to beat the oven; she took great care not to let any of the coals fall out, which might have done mischief in the ship; and she was very accurate in observing when the oven was heated to the proper degree, of which she immediately apprized the baker, who, relying with perfect confidence upon her information, carried his dough to the oven as soon as the chimpanzee came to fetch him. This animal performed all the business of a sailor, spliced ropes, handled the sails, and assisted at unfurling them; and she was, in fact, considered by the sailors as one of themselves. The vessel was bound for America: but the poor animal did not live to see her arrival, having fallen a victim to the brutality of the first mate, who inflicted a very cruel chastisement upon her, which she had not deserved. She endured it with the greatest patience, only holding out her hands in a supplicant attitude, in order to break the force of the blows she received. But from that moment she steadily refused to take any food, and died on the fifth day from grief and hunger. She was lamented by every person on board, not insensible to the feelings of humanity, who knew the circumstances of her fate.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches of the Western Bar.

No. III.

JUDGE TRIMBLE.

Great examples are not always followed; to behold even perfection does not necessarily excite us to imitate it, but admiration too often ceases with an acknowledgment of the possessions of others, without exciting a spirit to emulate the means by which great virtues are attained. This is not perhaps always the case either. Something more may at times be expected—but it is grateful even to learn of the existence of bright examples, and know and feel that with whatever of the bad we have to encounter in our intercourse with men—that there are still noble exceptions—if there is selfishness, meanness, vice and folly, and many who would pass their lives in the practice of these, that there are also lofty virtues, and high intelligences possessed on the part of others—if there are the bad, there are also the generous and the good in this world, and that the practice of virtue need not be confined to the cloister or the cell, or its professor exclude himself from society, for want of sympathy or companionship.

The Greeks and Romans understood the advantages of these great examples, and hence caused their distinguished men, not few in number either, to live on in their reputations and great names with successive generations. The arts were invoked to perpetuate their memories. The sculptor preserved them in the marble, the painter on the canvass, and the lyre was strung, and song and story both had their record or tradition, and thus an immortality was secured them, that has long survived those institutions, their wisdom established, and the liberty their valor and eloquence defended.

For my own part, I am ready to attest the friendly influences I have felt to have been exerted over myself, from having known and contemplated the character of the distinguished individual whose name heads this article; though I despair describing to others in this brief communication, those noble traits, those great talents and illustrious virtues, that won so much upon me, young mind, and to the influence of which I am sure, may be attributed some of the checks that guarded the dangerous passages of youth, where pleasure wooed on every side, and vice and dissipation laid their snares.

No American youth, indeed, need look in vain for striking examples for his imitation, (the Roman youths had each, those destined for a profession, they always attended) either among the illustrious living, or the illustrious dead, of his countrymen.—There are, to say nothing of the departed great, now upon the stage of life, many excellent patterns, "the glass wherein our noble youths may dress themselves," and should the bright virtues of a Chief Justice Marshall, a Clay, a Binney, a Webster, a Calhoun, be reflected in the lives and actions of the young aspirants for honor and distinction, among the rising generation, the destinies of the republic would still be committed to safe hands.

Robert Trimble was born in Augusta county, Virginia, about the year 1777. His father removed shortly after to Kentucky, where Robert was raised and educated, having first entered the Burborn Academy, and then the Kentucky Academy, where he completed a good and classical education. He commenced the study of the law with George Nicholas, Esq. who dying shortly after, he entered the office of the Hon. James Brown, our late minister to France, where his professional studies were completed. In 1800, he came to the bar, and commenced the practice of the law at Paris, in Burborn county, where he always afterwards resided. In 1802, he was elected a member of the Legislature of Kentucky. In 1807, then only 30 years of age, he was in about two years resigned this situation, the salary attached to the office, not being sufficient for the increasing demands of a family. In 1810, he was offered the Chief Justiceship of the same Court, which he declined, as he also declined the offer of a Commission as Judge on the same bench, by Gov. Greenup, in 1813. His practice was at this time very lucrative, being concerned on one side or the other, almost every important case. On two different occasions, his friends pressed him to become a candidate for Senator of the United States, with every prospect of success, in the one instance others having declined becoming candidates, until it was ascertained he would not permit his name to be used. He held for some time, the office of District Attorney of Kentucky, and was three times elector of President of the United States, these offices not interfering with the practice of his profession. In 1817, he was appointed by President Madison, Judge of the District Court of the United States, for Kentucky, an office, which, as he required some relaxation from the labours of his profession, he was induced to accept, and which he continued in, until appointed by Mr. Adams, in May 1826, a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the place of Judge Todd deceased, a situation which he occupied for only little more than three short years, death having terminated his existence in August 1829. Judge Trimble was large in size, being nearly or quite six feet in height, and proportionably stout—with a full chest and broad shoulders. His head was large, and not otherwise unlike in shape (a comparison, some of my readers will understand) Horace Binney's; hazel eyes, large mouth, and with somewhat of a Grecian cast of countenance. Off the bench, and particularly when engaged in conversation, its expression was most cheerful and agreeable; while on the bench, and the moment he advanced to it the change was perceptible, it was grave and serious, but without being austere, or forbidding. The transition seemed natural, and not at all assumed for the official character. While engaged in his Judicial duties, his whole mind was given entirely up to them, and naturally lent a serious and thoughtful expression to his countenance. He looked a Judge, every inch a Judge. He always listened with great and marked attention to counsel, without ever interfering with the course of argument they saw fit to pursue, or interrupting them, as Blackstone says in one of his miscellanies, a Judge should not, "by being talkative, or with impertinent flying out to shew learning." He seemed to consider that counsel had their duties to perform, and he his. After listening patiently to all that was to be said on either side, when the question was finally submitted to him, he gave his opinion; and never were opinions more satisfactory. He would seem to convince even those, who had argued against the view he took, so clear, persuasive, powerful, was his reasoning. To me it seemed, that the strongest man who appeared in his court, when the Judge had decided a question against him, might as well have attempted to rise with a mountain on his back (and that the individual himself felt such a conviction) as to attempt to rise and refute the positions of the Judge—to rise under the moral pressure and overwhelming weight his logic and reasoning. He gave you an idea, as a Judge always should, of being something superior to the best of those who appeared before him—as one whose opinions you would not only be disposed to receive as authority, as containing the law and the reason of the law, but which it would be presumption in any one in the slightest to question.—There was nothing peculiar in the manner of his delivery, which was plain but smooth and agreeable: but his opinions owed their great merit to his clearness of conception, and the directness, power and force of thought which was conveyed in them. He seemed to know every thing extant in the shape of law; and even in reference to the rules and practice of the court where he had taken his seat for the first time, would correct counsel who had been for years at that bar.

Since I witnessed the powers this great Judge displayed upon the bench, and the advantage to which he appeared in the eyes of all, I have regarded the bench in its more elevated stations, what it is not generally deemed to be, one of the most eligible situations, when supported by a good bar, for the display of real talents, and thorough professional acquirements, and extensive and varied learning, that the public places of our country offers, not excepting the Senate of the United States. Trimble was undoubtedly among the brightest ornaments that have ever adorned it.—He is said to have possessed in a great degree, the confidence of Chief Justice Marshal, and to have given the most decided promise, in the opinion of the bar, that attend the court at Washington, of becoming, had his life been spared, the successor in point of wisdom and learning, of that distinguished Judge himself.

In private life he was a perfect gentleman, and the kindness and attention that he extended to all who approached him, and the familiarity with which he would enter into conversation, even with the tyros of the profession, and all others—seeming to have no secrets or reserve, and to talk and act as if he would let his dignity take care of itself, aware that a truly great man's dignity will never take flight from merely acting naturally—all this gave a charm to his society and conversation, that those who once enjoyed, knew how to appreciate. You could not help feeling too, when with him, that you were in the presence of a great man, and feeling this still more strongly, viz. that there was on his part, a loftiness and nobleness of nature and purpose, a purity of motive, a sacredness for virtue, honor and truth, not only that nothing could sully, but nothing dare tempt, or approach, and that the little arts, intrigues and plans that ambitious men often make subsidiary to the attainment of their ends in life, not only had never been resorted to by him, but were never even contemplated or dreamed of on the enlarged sphere on which he moved, governed by the pure dictates of honor and conscience. He would indeed the Roman all; it was refreshing to talk with him.

His own moral standing being thus elevated, he had fixed a high one for the profession generally, and the slightest dereliction or compromise of the professional character, even in manner, found with him no toleration. For instance, I recollect a lawyer one day in the Supreme Court at Washington, said in speaking in reference to the amount of the subject matter in dispute, that "it was not to be sneezed at." This expression annoyed the Judge very much, he thought it low, and unbecoming the advocate, and spoke of it off the bench.

In reference to the course of studies a young lawyer should pursue, he advised that he should first ground himself well in the principles of law, by reading elementary works, and some of the best English reports, and that he should then carefully study the reports, local laws and practice of his own state.

This course he seemed to thing preferable to ranging through (which is all that any man can do) the voluminous reports now extant.

He was a great admirer of eloquence, though never perhaps, a very great orator himself. The last evening I ever passed with him, alas! that it should have been the last! the conversation turned on eloquence and eloquent men, and he seemed to take pleasure in rendering justice to several of his own cotemporaries, among them Hodan and Clay, several of whose successful efforts he particularly described. But Jo Davies, he said, was the most eloquent man that he had ever heard, and made use, I recollect, of something like the following strong language in reference to him: 'that Davies would become so wrapped and inspired in some of his passionate appeals to the Jury, as to seem not to be a being of earth, or located upon it, but as having a sort of aerial existence, and breathing forth the eloquence of an angel.'

But Davies was not only an orator but a hero. If he was as eloquent as a Cicero, he was as brave as a Leonidas. At the commencement of the late war, expressing a determination to serve his country in the field, he received a commission as major, but thinking he could be more useful in the ranks, he shouldered his musket and joined the Kentucky volunteers; and fell while fighting like a brave man at the battle of the Wabash. Davies was in the van when an order was given to charge the enemy, he sprung forward at the word, and was struck by a musket ball while several yards in advance of all his comrades, and fell dead. His death was universally lamented, and well it might be, for in him, Kentucky lost one of her noblest and most gifted sons. An Eulogy was pronounced by order of the Legislature of Kentucky, by the Hon. John Rowan, doing justice to his valor, patriotism and genius. Even now his memory is most kindly cherished.—You will often hear in the west, the name of Jo Davies, and a county has been lately organized in Illinois which is called after him, embracing the very soil on which he shed his blood, in the cause of his country.

I could here relate several anecdotes of poor Davies. But wherefore? A censorious world might not receive them with that charity that can excuse the eccentricities of genius, or apologize for excesses which the ardent temperament, that best fosters it, often betrays to. Let me then

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling peace repose)
The bosom of his Saviour and his God."

And there too reposes the pure spirit of a Trimble.—To know such men then have lived, adds dignity and importance to life; to know that they have died, should the better reconcile us to the same fate. They redeem by their virtues, the even tenor of their ways, their consistent adherence to principles and truth under all circumstances, poor human nature from the charge of being weak and fallable, to an extent that vice and follies in their more alluring forms may seduce it, sufficient temptation, always overcome it, thus making man in some sense an irresponsible being. Such libels upon our race, are strikingly refuted in such a life and character as Trimble's, whom no circumstances could have seduced, no temptation decoyed, no price have bought—firm as the rock against the wave, steadfast as truth, immutable as justice—or like the giant oak, the storm may blow, the hurricane descend, and all round become a desert waste, the less securely seated, yielding to the force of elements, they had not the firmness to resist—but the noble oak that towers above its fellows, that has taken deep root, and grown up in beauty and strength securely stands, continuing to the last, the beauty of the forest, the pride of its race—But alas! there is nothing on earth but what is mutable in some way. The axeman comes, and the noble forest tree is laid prostrate, maugre its beauty and its strength: death comes, and the great and good man falls! But let not his memory perish in the waters of Lethe, or our just need of praise be withheld from parts this well sustained.

And is it not more grateful to praise than censure? Commend than denounce? I am led to put this interrogatory, from the tone of feeling that seemed somewhat to pervade the conversation of a convivial party of gentlemen on a recent occasion, where the writer of this happened to make one.

I might here to premise, that they were all, the narrator alone except, young gentlemen more or less distinguished for talents and accomplishments. Seldom indeed among an equal number, would be found combined so many polite accomplishments that mark the gentleman and the man of the world. Conversation happened to turn upon men, and the characters and merits of several, both among the living and the dead were spoken of and canvassed. Some among the latter of these, had toiled all their lives up the "thorny steep" nor stopped short of an entrance in at the portals of the temple of fame; and if rivalry or envy had in life questioned their right, or caviled at their title, death it was supposed, had confirmed and quieted both. Others again now in life, who with "longings divine and aspirations free," were pursuing the same path of glory, cheered on by many of their admiring countrymen. But did the tomb always protect the memory of the dead—or the virtues of the living give indemnity to them?

Occasionally, it is true, when animadversion may have become severe, some one might *generously* volunteer a defence, but had the absent been present, I know not but in most instances, they would have been likely to make the request Sir Peter Teazel did of Lady Candour, when, after some specimens of her ladyship's skill in this way, he particularly desired she would not undertake the discharge of that office, in reference to himself and his friends.

Amidst this apparent general scepticism as to all virtue, I thought exultingly, it was in my power to propose the name of one, whose merits, incredulity itself could not canvass, without a generous admission of his claims, and the name of TRIMBLE! already trembled on my lips, and already I enjoyed, in anticipation, a triumph. But at this moment, some one happened to introduce the name of a poor Bard, whom we had all known, and whom some of us, but a short time before, had followed to the narrow house: when I saw that even the offspring of his gentle muse, was readily seized upon, and sacrificed to the superior merit of a pun, or a witticism, and the poor fellow's memory itself hardly safe, from the death blow of an epigram, I judged it well safe, not farther to cater, by the introduction of an illustrious name, to the sort of intellectual Anthropophagye least for which my friends seemed to have whetted their appetites.

But did they express in all this their real sentiments? Did they do justice to their hearts? No, they did neither. Their hearts I know are the abode of many virtues—their views enlarged, enlightened, and generally most liberal. But this is true: That from what seems to be too much the ruling fashion of the day—drawn from I know not where—the heartlessness, or rather more often the *affectation* of heartlessness, to be met with in certain fashionable society—a taste for highly seasoned conversation, no matter what may furnish forth the attic salt, though it were the bleached bones of our grandfathers of revolutionary memory—and admiration of the liberal or rather reckless tone to be found in certain French schools of philosophy—from these, or other like contagious sources, may have been imbibed the tone that on the occasion alluded to, characterized the conversation of the party, and which certainly directly, more or less pervades the conversation of society generally; often too, without, as in the present case, the graces of learning to redeem it from vulgarity, or the brilliancy of wit to smooth and soften its asperity. Perhaps it may be said to be a mere matter of taste. I think it then, not a correct taste. Not to me and my friends, says Johnson, remains the pleasure of walking unmoved over the plains of Marathon. Not to me and my friends too, say I, remains the pleasure of hearing unmoved of noble virtues and illustrious deeds—much less, of finding that pleasure in drawing upon our fancy for our facts, to substitute the reverse of those qualities, to present the dark side of the picture, or exhibit it in a bad light, and having done so, indulge in an illiberal criticism of it. Is it even justice to the great Architect himself? Whose images made in his own likeness, for one I am not disposed to believe, are generally so bad as to deserve the fate an Areopagus of wit might award, or what I am sorry to say, is often quite as severe an ordeal to pass muster at the Ostracism of the pulpit; where charity, in this respect, is much less practiced by *some* of the orators than, in other respects they would seem to inculcate it.

It may be that poor human nature in this, 19th century deserves all this: but those who lived two thousand years ago, even without the advantages of christianity (an incomparable blessing) seem not to have believed in this great and universal depravity; at least their historians have left record upon record of all the different virtues that ever adorned humanity, and professed to have found them indigenously, naturally, growing out of the different relations of society, formed by the consanguinity of blood, the fraternity of friendships, the force of love, and the ties of country; and I so much in those days did even their great men find to commend in one another that *Laudare a viro laudato* grew into a proverb.

The Paris Times of the 11th ult. contains this statement.—"On the receipt of the American papers at Havre, the members of the General Council and the chief merchants met together, to ward off, if possible, the blow which threatened commerce. The meeting was unanimous for petitioning the Chamber to acquiesce in the American indemnity. The petition was drawn and instantly covered with signatures."

A Foundling.—Between 7 and 8 o'clock, on Friday evening last, a coach drove up to the door of the American Hotel in Broadway, the driver alighted from his seat, let out a well dressed lady who was enveloped in a large cloak, under which she also carried a large bundle. She entered the hall of the hotel, and depositing the bundle, quickly re-entered the carriage which drove rapidly away. Shortly after the soft voice of an infant was heard proceeding from the bundle, and on examination, it was found to contain a fine, healthy female child, well dressed, and with a plentiful supply of clothing. She was soon transported to the Alms House.—*N. Y. Times.*

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, February 21.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 38 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, one square from Girard Bank.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

☞ When addressing the publisher concerning subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"R." will meet attention.

The tale called "Henry Edmonds," is under consideration. Its great length will, we fear, be an insuperable bar to its publication in our columns.

"Two" writes with facility, but his language is inflated and injudicious. Extravagant love stories are less acceptable than any other species of light reading, and of this character is the tale of "Nectar Unquaffed."

"Beauty in Woman" and "Mind," we reluctantly decline.

"W. S. L." and "J. D. S." are inadmissible.

"Vernon" shall have a place.

The favours from "L. W. S." will be published as early a day as possible.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 6.

Fustian.—The gas bubble has at length exploded, "the long agony is over," and we must content ourselves, as our fathers have done before us, with candles and spermaceti oil.

Sir Oracle.—To the great and entire satisfaction of all dealers in lamp-wick and oil.

Squib.—And the gratification of the Chesnut street aristocracy, with their argand burners, and reflecting lamps.

Fustian.—You believe then, that motives of interest have governed the opponents of gas, throughout this contest?

Sir Oracle.—I do not say that, though I am not prepared to believe that the influence of the oil merchant, and the retailer of lamps, has not been felt in deciding the question.

Fustian.—You are then in favor of gas?

Sir Oracle.—And have been for years. I love light rather than darkness—I would, if possible turn night into day, and make our streets, our lanes and alleys, as light in the evening, as they can be made by artificial operations.

Squib.—Our Councils are behind the age. Every city of importance in Europe, and three principal cities in America, are illuminated with gas, but Philadelphia, always asleep, and always behind, is disgraced with the oil system, a miserable pretext for a heavy expenditure, without more than the *shadow* of a benefit.

Fustian.—If you please, gentlemen, there are two sides to this question, and though I regret that the members of the "Club" are not unanimous, I am constrained to say that I think our Councils have shown wisdom in rejecting the silly proposition so introduce gas. If it were simply a question of light and darkness, I would go with you, but it strikes me forcibly that it is a question of prudence and imprudence, i.e. dollars and cents against a miserable humbug.

Squib.—You then regard gas as a *humbug*.

Fustian.—Yes, so to speak—a South sea bubble—got up to tickle the ears and blind the eyes of the multitude. A will-o'-the-wisp, that flies as you approach, for what will be the lighting of Chesnut and Second streets with gas, compared with lighting the whole city, not even contemplated, at this time, by Dr. Huston himself.

Sir Oracle.—Not at this time, certainly, but unquestionably at no distant day—and you will permit me to observe, that I think your remarks are too severe, and not warranted by any view of the question, as presented by either its friends or foes. Our city Councils have not entered rashly into the scheme, they have been at much pains and expense to collect evidence, and if it is a "*South Sea Bubble*," why we shall have the consolation of knowing that we are not alone in being its victims—other, and older corporations have led the van. As to Fustian's *conceit*, touching the lighting of one or two streets alone—he must recollect that "large streams from little fountains flow"—and as to the query, whether it will prove beneficial in the end, we must let posterity decide.

Squib.—Exactly so—and Fustian, and you and, where all have ended, who discuss this subject—by making it a matter of opinion.

Sir Oracle.—Nothing more—and yet from this many fragments of opinion—and adherence to opinion (until otherwise convinced) are deduced the most important conclusions. Without preconceived ideas, there would be no subject for argument, and without argument, no knowledge—unless indeed, man were content to think as they were told, and obey a system of mental vassalage, arguing but little for the hooded blockhead, who, endowed with reasoning faculties, submits to be led like a puppet, because his leader has wealth to repay his subserviency, or the power to patronize his slavish adherence. Legislative bodies too often afford instances in point where men—*legislators* if you will—represent their constituents by voting *pro and con* as they receive directions from their party leaders.

Squib.—I trust *Sir O.* you don't include our City Council men in this denunciation.

Sir Oracle.—No!—I have been a punctual attendant of the meetings of our Municipal authorities, more especially since the gas topic was introduced, and it is no more than justice to state, that in discussing it, the majority of the members have displayed much independence of spirit, and freedom from control, in proof of which, I may cite the present mutilated aspect of the report, furnished by Mr. Merrick.—When first brought up, the greater number were for Gas; argument ensued—debate rose upon debate—the friends of the measure sank from a promising majority to a very doubtful one, and now we find no majority at all—the legal, and the editorial enemies of gas—have *vetoed* the Dr. and his party.

Fustian.—Apropos of "Vetoes"—the mad painter has nearly vetoed the continuance not only in office, but in existence of the President—and to give the affair a viler aspect—the presses throughout the union are thus afforded an opportunity of unmuzzling, so that they may make this "*attempt*" wear as many hues as Proteus. Their attempts to blend this frantic attempt of a madman, with the studied conspiracy of a second *Gunpowder Gang*, are as truly ridiculous, as they make their authors contemptible.

Squib.—Do you then really consider Lawrence a madman.

Fustian.—Certainly I do—and I have seen nothing in these wonderful subsequent disclosures to alter my opinion. What is your view of the subject Sir O.?

Sir Oracle—It tallies with yours! Modern history presents no instance of an individual, possessing a sane mind, rushing thus madly upon his own destruction. The 19th century has no Quixotic Brutus to fill its page. The days for displays of this kind, have passed away with the men and manners of Rome—and we of this age are too well aware of the value of existence, or rather cling to it with too much pertinacity, to sacrifice it in an attempt which, whether successful or otherwise, will insure us the execration, and obloquy of the world. I can see nothing in this affair to excite suspicion as to a settled plot, or make this hooded wretch an object of aught but commiseration for his loss of reason.

Squibb.—And yet the various examinations that have ensued, tend to confirm the idea that he is not a madman. He is said to display a keenness of perception, and intellectual vigour, beyond what an insane man could exhibit.

Sir Oracle.—Lawrence therein shows method in his insanity. You have doubtless both of you, read the case of a noble personage in England, against whom the charge of insanity was urged, and yet he for a long time puzzled the brains, and defeated the tact of the wisest members of the British parliament. Committees upon committees examined him, without success, and they were about to resign the task, with the perfect conviction of his sanity, when one of them chanced to enquire of him when he intended to assume his powers as God, and judge the world. The madman was thrown off his guard, and he showed himself—to use a homely phrase, "as crazy as a loon."—It is the very principle of insanity to conceal its weakness. Cunning is met by cunning—yet the jarring of a nerve, or the simplest question may serve to overthrow the seemingly sane bulwark in which the madman entrenches himself.

Fustian.—There is one conclusion may be drawn from this affair, and that is—if such a man be let loose again—it is making every man's breast a target to be shot at by real madmen, or knaves, specious enough—after their designs are accomplished to assume insanity. But come!—what say you to a visit to Miss Atong Moy—the Cinderella of China.

Squibb.—Agreed—I'm with you.

Sir Oracle.—You must excuse me, gentlemen—I am pledged to meet some friends to talk over this resolution of Councils, concerning the removal of the Legislature to our city. We will severally report at our next meeting.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A thief was a few days since detected stealing the cover from a sled in which several children were lying, in Ninth, cor. Market street. The cries of the children alarmed the house and the rascal was forced to fly.

One of the ranges of buildings attached to the green houses in the Farmer Botanic Garden, was destroyed by fire about 4 o'clock, on Tuesday morning. The range contained 6000 plants in pots, all of which were destroyed.

We learn by private advices from Harrisburg, that in all probability Mr. Samuel Wood will be honourably acquitted of the charges of misconduct preferred against him in his capacity of Superintendent of the Eastern Penitentiary.—*Pa. Inquirer.*

Remarkable Sagacity of a Dog.—The most extraordinary instance of the sagacity of this faithful animal, that we recollect to have heard, occurred the other day in this city. While the carriage of Mr. Powell was standing in Spruce street, near Fifth, the horses became alarmed and set off at full speed. The dog immediately ran after them, and by seizing the reins in his mouth actually succeeded in stopping them until the driver came to his assistance.

The severity of the weather on Sunday, the 8th instant, extended further South, than that of the 5th of January. At Raleigh, in North Carolina, the thermometer fell to one degree *below zero*, and at Charleston to within degrees of it, shewing a degree of cold unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants.—At Savannah it was at 3 degrees below zero.

The importance of our internal improvements is manifeste by the fact, that, within the last week, upwards of 2000 barrels of flour and 7000 gallons of whiskey have been received in this city, by the Columbia Rail Road.

We hear that Cheyney Hickman, of this city, has been nominated by the President as a Government Director of the Bank of the United States.

ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Stephen Phipps, of the N. L. had his leg broken in two places, yesterday afternoon, by imprudently leaping from his wagon while the horse was running at speed, a few miles from he city. There were two others in the wagon, both of whom jumped out and were considerably bruised.

It is stated that upwards of one thousand labourers are at work on the Richmond and Potomac rail road.

Two negro men were frozen to death at Richmond on Saturday last.

United States Bank Stock sold at New York on Saturday at 106¾@107.

The Harrisburg Reporter affirms that the friends of Gov. Wolf feel assured of his re-nomination and re-election.

At a recent caucus of the administration members of the Virginia Legislature, convened for the nomination of Van Buren, it turned that the majority were in favour of Judge White. The caucus adjourned in confusion.

Charles Lamb, of the East India House, author of the essays signed Elia, died in England on the 26th Dec. last—aged 61.

A late London paper states a singular fact in Natural History—that birds listen rapidly during a heavy fog. Possibly the facility of feeding unobserved is the explanation of the mystery.

A fellow was committed to prison on Saturday afternoon, charged with attempting to rob the northern mail. He was discovered on the boot of the stage a few miles this side of Sing Sing, about one o'clock on Saturday morning. His name is said to be Moody, belonging to Coatesville.

An American lady of the name of Pringle, has recently brought an action in the English Common Pleas, against a Captain in the Royal Navy, of the name of Sturt, for a breach of promise of marriage, under aggravating circumstances.

On Thursday last, in the House of Representatives, at Washington, Mr. Polk said—"at present there was only about half a million in the Treasury, and by the end of the season, there would remain very little.

We have seen a letter from a traveller in Georgia, dated Feb. 4th, which represents the roads as bad beyond all precedent. He had been able to get along only three miles an hour in the stage; besides being upset, &c. Indeed he represents it as about impossible to get along at all.

The New York *Sun* thinks that the Park boys will kick up a row if Mr. Kemble attempts to play there again, as it is reported he will in the course of the next summer, with another daughter—his youngest.

Sir Robert Peel, is the representative of Tamworth which is a manufacturing place, owing its prosperity chiefly, to the exertions of his father.

The Senate of Mississippi have refused to go into the election of United States Senator, the object for which the Governor called them together. The election consequently lies over till next winter.

A bill has passed the assembly of New York to increase the salaries of the chancellor and judges of the supreme and circuit courts of that state, the former to $4500, and the latter to $4000.

We learn from the New York papers of yesterday that, that harbor is clear of ice—that there is no interruption to sea navigation—that the Sound continues open, and the steamers between the commercial emporium and Providence, make their trips with due regularity.

Governor Marcy has issued his proclamation offering a reward of $250 for the apprehension of the murderers of Elizabeth Conklin of Huntington, L. Island, the particulars of which murder we published about the 20th December last.

The Wandering Piper was, at the last accounts from New Orleans playing in that city.

It is reported the Dey of Algiers died Oct. 30, at Alexandria, heart-broken—probably poisoned.

The following is an extract of a letter dated Albany, Feb. 12:—"Mr. Edmons introduced an act rendering Stock Jobbing a criminal offence, and requiring the Board of Brokers to sit with open doors. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature to indemnify persons who may suffer loss by riots and public disorders, and at the same time providing for their prompt suppression.

According to a report submitted to the New York Legislature, the whole amount of Bank Notes in circulation in New York is $16,732,014. This we presume, is exclusive of United States Bank paper.

The Cincinnati Intelligencer says—"A new transportation line into be established between New York, and this place, via the Canals and Lakes, to deliver goods in fifteen days. It will go in operation as soon as the Canals open.

LEGISLATION EXTRAORDINARY.—Missouri Legislature, Jan. 1. The Speaker laid before the House a communication from His Excellency the Governor, inviting the members to take a glass of wine with him at 3 o'clock—whereupon the House adjourned.

The London Court Journal speaks of an American lady, "Miss Wandsworth," who is now a leading belle at Paris.

White Paper.—The Georgetown Columbian has announced its intention to take up the support of Judge White for the Presidency, and assume the new name of *The Appeal*. It is to appear twice a week.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.—The resolution introduced by Dr. Anderson in favour of abolishing capital punishment was recently discussed at length in the House of Representatives. There is no probability of the passage of the resolution.

The Select Committee of the Virginia Legislature, appointed on the subject of increasing the Banking capital of that State, have reported in favor of the establishment of a new Bank at Richmond, with a capital of $2,750,000, with several branches in different parts of the state.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says, the number of pupils in the Boston Asylum is 42, of whom 23 are charity scholars. They are instructed in vocal and instrumental music, spelling, reading, writing, mathematics, &c.

Galena Jan. 20th.—LEAD.—This article now meets a ready sale at 3½ to 4¾, and is much in demand. Money was never more plenty—times easy, and our people prosperous and happy. We can hardly suppose the present extraordinary price offered for our staple commodity will long continue.—*Galenian.*

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body—then you have a friend and a companion.

The New York American states that one single Insurance Company in that city, has insurance, on property afloat, to the amount of twenty millions of dollars; "two thirds of which at least, would, in the event of instant hostilities with France, be captured or destroyed."

"The Sailors Snug Harbor"—a benevolent institution in New York for the relief of Seamen, has a fund of $102,759 36. The income for 1835, is estimated at $29,519 74. There are now in the Snug Harbor, fifty-four aged and disabled seamen, who are entitled to support, and the doors are open to further applicants. These aged men are plentifully fed, comfortably clothed, and supplied with every thing requisite to soothe their declining years.

Accident.—As a man was passing down Union street last night, while just beyond the corner of Elm street, he was struck by the shaft of a carriage, coming up the street. The blow was received in the pit of the stomach, and he was thrown some twenty or thirty feet into the street. He was taken up for dead, but, on being taken into a neighbor's store, he came to, and it was believed would recover from the injury.—*Boston Cour.*

Everyone in their turn.—In Davidson, N. C., a love sick lad of seventy, was united to an amiable Miss of sixty-one. The lady had forty years previously been bridesmaid to the deceased, wife of her present bon homme.

Novel mode of catching Fish.—We understand that a great quantity of fish, principally mullets, were caught frozen in Lucas' Mill pond yesterday and the day before, by digging through the ice. Several British vessels, lading in the vicinity are said to have filled casks with them, and many of the inhabitants of the neck carried them off by bushel baskets.—*Charleston Cour.*

On Friday, says the Louisiana Advertiser of 20th, one of our oldest citizens, Mr. Balloco, was stabbed in several places by a mulatto, one of his own slaves.—While the wretch was performing the bloody deed, a negro, another slave of Mr. Balloco, ran to the assistance of his master, and also fell a victim to the rage of the assassin. Mr. Balloco is dangerously ill—his life is even despaired of.

The post of Chaplain to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn has been assigned to the Rev. CHARLES S. STEWART, author of "A residence in the Sandwich Islands."

The Legislature of Canada have three regular salaried reporters, and pay four papers for the official publication of the debates. This liberal policy secures correct reports, and avoids much of the unfairness and misrepresentation of which parties complain in the country.

Another Legislative caucus was held in Massachusetts on Monday evening for the nomination of a Whig candidate for Senator. We have not heard the result. The next day was fixed for the election in the House of Representatives.

Another Rail Road.—The New Orleans and Nashville Rail Road bill has passed both branches of the Louisiana Legislature. The ground thus far traversed for the route of the road is declared to be very favourable.

Major PETER MUHLENBURG of this place, says the Reading Chronicle, has been nominated by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, as Paymaster of the U. S. Army.

Mrs. Drake, Keene and Hill are at Natchez; Finn at Montgomery, Alabama; Power and Mrs. Sharpe at New Orleans; Cooper has had a fine benefit at Augusta.

The peach trees in Jersey have suffered by the ice which accumulated on the branches, the weight being so great as to seperate the limbs from the stock.

A bill prohibiting the circulation of bank notes under $5 in the state of New York, after certain dates, has passed the Senate, and it is said will without doubt become a law.

An anti-tobacco Society has recently been formed at Westchester, on the principle of total abstinence.

FIRE.—The Presbyterian Church at York Mills was destroyed by fire on the 8th inst. It is said to have taken fire from the stove pipe. It was a new and very neat building.

According to the report on Executive Patronage, by Mr. Calhoun, there are 100,000 persons fed with Treasury pap, in the United States!

Emigration.—Emigration to Texas, is becoming epidemic in Alabama. Hundreds of families have gone and are about to go. Some of the richest planters of the State are moving to Texas.

BANK ROBBERY.—We learn that on Sunday night last the Mechanics and Farmers Bank at New Brunswick, N. J. was entered as is supposed by means of false keys and robbed of about $6000, which the robbers selected from a large amount in the Bank. The bills missing are also small and on different banks, the rogues no doubt entertaining the idea that by taking a small amount they would be less liable to detection.

FIRE AT ST. AUGUSTINE.—A slip from our correspondents, the Editors of the Savannah Georgian states that a fire broke out in St. Augustine, on the 29th ult. which consumed the establishment of the Florida Herald, with all its type, press, papers, &c., belonging to James M. Gold, Esq. together with a house occupied by Mr. Cleland, and owned by Mrs. Woodruff of this city. A great quantity of lumber belonging to Mr. Baldwin of New York, was also burnt, whose loss is said to be $1000.

SMALL POX IN ROXBURY, MASS.—The small pox has recently broken out in this town, and eight cases had been fully developed. An Irishman, it had been ascertained, had innoculated two or three children, and the eruption had just made its appearance. It was feared too that the disease had been introduced into one of the public schools. The Boston authorities were taking every proper precaution to prevent the introduction of the contagion into the city.

We are glad to learn the artificers in gold and silver in this city, are about forming themselves into an association, for the purpose of mutual improvement in chemistry, metallurgy and other sciences appertaining to their art. Also to establish a library, and courses of lectures, and a charitable fund. Another important object is to determine, by legitimate tests, the real value of the gold and silver coin in circulation.—*N. Y. Star.*

Two fellows, genteelly dressed, were committed to bridewell for stealing cassimeres and coats from tailors' shops, which they entered together. While one occupied the attention of the keepers of the stores by ordering them to measure him for a suit, the other would secrete the articles selected to be stolen under his cloak, and make off. One of them is an Englishman, calling himself James Johnson alias Jones, and is said to be a graduate of Edinburgh University.—*Ib.*

An Old Musket.—A musket has been recently found at Gum Swamp, near Camden, S. C., which was identified as being once the property of a French negro, named Lavi, who accompanied Gen. Lafayette to this country on his first arrival here, and who continued in the service to the end of the war. The musket was hidden by him after the defeat of General Gates, being too cumbrous to carry. The barrel was eaten through the centre by rust, and notwithstanding its long burial in a damp soil, yet the powder with which it was loaded, exploded by application of fire.

PARTNER-SUITS.—On the 9th inst., in the House of Representatives of this State, Mr. Peltz, of the County of Philadelphia, called for the second reading and consideration of the resolutions offered by him on the 29th ultimo—"instructing the Judiciary Committee to enquire into the expediency of passing a law to prevent persons from carrying on, or transacting business under fictitious names." It was carried without a dissenting voice.

An Incendiary.—A colored man was seen, a few nights since, attempting to place the full of a shovel of ignited coals in the window of a stable at the corner of Lombard and Liberty streets. The watchman, by whom he was seen, made an attempt to arrest him, but without success.—*Balt. Rep.*

Frost Bitten.—A seaman offers the following recipe, which he says in all instances has effected immediate relief: "Take one ounce of copperas, mix it with one quart of water (blood warm) and bathe the parts affected—In bathing three or four times a cure has always been obtained."

"Our squadron in the Mediterranean is ordered to Gibraltar, to prevent sequestration in a French port, or blockade in a Spanish. Commodore ELLIOTT hoists his broad pendant on the Constitution, and proceeds from New York to the Mediterranean. Capt. Kennedy is to command the Peacock and Boxer, and proceed to the Chinese seas, for the protection of our commerce in that quarter

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1835.

☞ The Carriers of this paper are not authorized to collect for the same. They may be obtained at the publication office No. 3 Carter's Alley.

☞ **Look at the Terms on the last page.**—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

A summary of foreign news, furnished by late arrivals, will be found in another column. It will be seen that the President's Message has created quite a sensation in Paris, and from the tone of the Parisian journals, there seems to be small probability of a liquidation of American claims on the part of the French chambers. In England the elections are progressing, and so far the result is adverse to the present ministers.

THE WATER WORKS.

From a report lately made to the City Councils, by the Watering Committee, it appears that the expenses of the Water Works, repair of engines at Fair Mount, &c. for 1834, were $65,163 5¢. During the year, the water pipes have been extended 13,507 feet, making the total length, in the city proper, 51¼ miles. A general repair has been made to the works at Fair Mount, by painting the buildings and fences, regulating the grounds, building a wall on the Schuylkill, and the walks of the garden plot, which has placed them all in a safe and handsome condition. Another wheel and pump have been placed at Fair Mount, in order to supply the increased demand for water.

The amount paid into the city treasury for water rents in 1834, is $68,324 23, and the committee flatter themselves that the income for the present year will be increased to one hundred thousand dollars.

The whole number of fire plugs in the City proper, is 410, in the Northern Liberties 121, Spring Garden 68, Southwark 94. The whole length of water pipe in the city and districts, is 87½ miles.

The quantity of water used in the City and Districts, averages 3,400,000 gallons per day, which is distributed to 14,395 tenants, and to about 2,300 families, who receive water from the public hydrant pumps in the city, being equal to 16,695 tenants; from whence it appears, that the average daily consumption, by each tenant, is about 203 gallons; during the drought in July and August last, an excess of water was used, which frequently exceeded a consumption of 5,000,000 gallons per day.

THE CASKET.

The February number of The Casket, was published in the early part of this week. It is ornamented with a number of fine steel plate engravings, among which are—*The Minstrel; Bunker Hill Monument; New Custom House, New York; Ancient Moorish Gateway, Granada; Town Hall, Liverpool; Drop of Water, magnified; February*, in illustration of *Spenser's Seasons; Music, "Hark, the Bonny Christ Church Bells."* The engravings are all accompanied with letter press descriptions.

The reading contents occupy sixty large octavo pages, and embrace a great variety of articles of a literary, historical, anecdote and humorous character, both original and selected. Great attention is paid to the selections in this work, and the original contributions are from the pens of popular writers. The Casket is published *monthly*, illustrated with numerous engravings, at $2.50 *per annum*. A *beautiful* plate of the newest Fashions, *handsomely coloured*, is promised for the March number.

SACRED MUSIC.

Persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of music, and a taste for that delightful science, will find Mr. Ives's Musical Academy, at the Masonic Hall, an admirable place for the gratification of their wishes. Mr. Ives has now in full operation, several classes in which the various branches of music are taught, and his skill as a teacher is abundantly evidenced by the *surprising* proficiency of his pupils. He has under his charge several young ladies and gentlemen, whose performances are indeed astonishing. With a view of cultivating a taste for sacred music, Mr. Ives has formed a class, in which hymns, anthems and church choruses alone are practised. The pupils of this class, by a little attention, are soon enabled to take part *in any music that may be placed before them. "In church they are enabled to participate in one of the most delightful exercises of religion*, and at home they have always at hand a never-failing source of enjoyment. Another class practice music of a more secular character, such as solos, duets, glees, &c., and those who desire to pay especial attention to the piano forte, also receive attention.

It is a matter of reproach to Philadelphians, that they are indifferent to the enjoyments of music, especially when the means for those enjoyments are so conveniently obtained. Music should be an indispensable branch of education, for it is an accomplishment which is valuable in all situations and under all circumstances.

Dickinson College.—The first term of this institution will end on the last Thursday in March, and the second term will commence in about two weeks after. Students or pupils desiring admission should be present a day or two previous to the commencement, for examination. *There are now, we understand, above one hundred students and pupils on the list.*

The annual expenses in this institution are for pupils in the grammar school, about $105, in the college about $116. Tuition fees paid in advance each term, and board in advance by the month. The collegiate year commences on the 15th day of September in each year. *Students may be admitted at any time*, upon certificate of good moral character, and a strict examination of their attainments.

The college is in good hands, and the professors are gentlemen *every way* qualified for the discharge of their important duties. The institution is, in every respect, deserving of the confidence and patronage of the public.

The following statement of a correspondent of the Boston Centinel, is vouched for by the editor of that journal:—Aaron and Robert, two brothers, who lived in the town of B. in the county of Worcester, and who died near the close of the last century, had *each born to him twenty children, each brother had two wives*, each wife of each husband had *ten children*, and each of the four wives had *seven sons and three* daughters. One fact more—*one* of each family only survives, and that *one* in both cases the youngest born.

Unalterable Checks.—We have had an opportunity of examining some beautiful specimens of unalterable checks, notes, &c. prepared and printed by Messrs. Wallace & Dainty of this city. They are extremely neat in their appearance, and afford a safe guarantee against fraud in altering the writing or figures.—Messrs. Wallace & Dainty prepare plates, and print checks, drafts, notes of hand, bills of exchange, &c. They use vegetable ink, which cannot be taken out of the paper by any chemical process whatever, and the style of their engravings is remarkable for its beauty. We trust they will receive the encouragement which the value of their articles merit. Their establishment is at 44 Chesnut street.

Mr. Knowles's fifth lecture will be delivered on Wednesday next, and his sixth and last, on the succeeding Friday. So far these lectures have been well attended.

Duelling in Belgium.—Duels are now of such frequent occurrence in Belgium, that they scarcely excite any interest in the public mind, however fatal the consequences may be. An account was lately given of a bootle meeting, in which an officer of artillery lost his life. On Thursday week, a Captain, belonging to the same corps, fell a victim in an affair which was decided near the field of Waterloo. Differing with another Captain upon some point connected with the service, he sent him a challenge. They fought in the first instance with sabres, and the challenger, after having received a severe wound, demanded a change of weapons. A pistol was then put into his hand, but scarcely had he discharged it, when his adversary's ball, passing directly through his eye and out through the hinder part of his head, laid him dead upon the ground.

Refusal to be Pardoned.—A very curious bit of personal news has arrived this week from Sweden. Captain Lindeberg, who had been pardoned by the king, after being convicted of treason, persists in repudiating the favour intended him, and declares his resolution of dying by the hands of the executioner. He will die, he says, in preference, on his birth-day the 9th November, believing "that his head falling under the executioner's axe will do more service to his country than if it remained on his shoulders." The authorities have been attempting to reason with him, but he is quite irreconcilable.

The Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine.—The sixth number of this valuable publication, has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. Upon a former occasion, we expressed our opinion of the merits of this digest of medical literature and science, and we again repeat, that its utility to the medical profession, appears to us incalculable. Conducted by Dr. Hays, whose talents, zeal and learning eminently fit him for the task—and assisted by the most eminent of our country, the Cyclopedia promises to be the most beneficial medical publication which has ever emanated from the American press. It will, when completed, be a comprehensive medical library, containing all the improvements in medicine and surgery, and presenting to the practitioner a safe and valuable counsellor in all matters appertaining to health and disease.

To the attention of *country physicians*, we most cordially commend *the Cyclopedia*.

The Book of Nature.—The February number of this work, has just appeared, with its usual complement of handsome engravings, and the regular quantity of reading matter. Among the figures representing *in the plates*, are many of a rare character, the study of which will prove deeply interesting.

The numbers of this work, from the commencement, may be obtained at the publication office.

Franklin Library.—Part tenth, of this publication contains a continuation of the amusing story of '*Jacob Faithful*," by the author of "Peter Simple," &c." It may be obtained in this city of Chappell & Co.

Another periodical devoted to the re-publication, in a cheap form, of standing literary works, has been started in New York, under the title of *The Alexandrian*. The first six numbers will contain D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature which at 6¼ cents will cost 37½ cents. The expense of reading has been reduced to a mere trifle, by these periodicals.

Allen Prescott, or the fortunes of a New England Boy: New York, Harper and Brothers.

This work, a novel in two volumes, is from the pen of Mrs. Sedgwick, author of "Morals of Pleasure" &c. a writer favourably known to the reading community. The story is simple and though not diversified with many incidents of a romantic and improbable character, is nevertheless told in a pleasing and affecting style. The hero, Allen Prescott, the son of a destitute mother, rises from poverty to wealth, and the design of the writer appears to be to exhibit and illustrate the equality of our political institutions, and the facility with which the industrious and virtuous of every class, *may rise* to eminence.

The language of the work is, in general chaste, and the sentiments always praise-worthy. Of maternal love the writer says:

"Some one has said that the heart of a mother is the master piece of nature's works. It is, at least, that portion of them which *least asks the aid of culture.*—She may be required to be instructed how to govern, to punish, or so teach; but to *love*—through evil as well as good report—constantly, fervently, deeply, to the *sacrifice of herself, even unto death*, what mother, if she be true to the instincts of her nature, does not know."

The annexed extract in relation to the influence of our political institutions is unquestionably sound.

"There is in the labouring classes (a distinction growing every day more reputable) not only a practical good sense and susceptibility of refined and generous emotion, but a patriotism, a true estimate of our blessings as a people, and of our individual responsibilities, and on subjects of national interest, a justness of thinking, of which you are little aware. You profess to love your country; but learn to reduce this abstract idea to the practical test of love of countrymen—not a sympathy with a select few, having the same advantages and pursuits with yourself; your heart must warm to every one who worthily bears the name of an American; and must sincerely approve of those institutions *by which you*, as an individual, are rendered of comparatively *small importance*, while the mass is elevated."

THEATRICAL.

Walnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Booth, the tragedian, commenced an engagement on Wednesday evening, and appeared in the character of Richard the third. The house was crowded. Mr. Booth played with his usual spirit and seems to have lost none of the fire and vigour of his youth. He is unquestionably the first tragedian in the country.

Chestnut Street Theatre.—Miss Jarman's benefit on Wednesday evening, attracted a crowded and fashionable house, a merited evidence of public regard.—The play "All in the Wrong," a sterling English comedy—was well enacted and elicited warm applause.—*Miss Jarman's talents have been justly appreciated in this city, and we regard the fact as an evidence of our dramatic taste. As an actress she is far superior to any female that has lately appeared on our boards.*—Mrs. Austin's farewell benefit took place on Thursday evening, and appeared in the operas of Masaniello and Cinderella.

Mr. Ternan's 1st benefit in this city, is announced for this evening. He will appear as Pabio in the play of that name, and will be supported by Miss Jarman as Bianca. Mr. Ternan is a meritorious actor, and deserves a full house.

The Chestnut street Theatre will be closed after this evening, and the company will be transferred to the Arch street house, where a number of novelties will be produced immediately. The stock company under the present management is one of the very best in the country.

A semi-weekly paper, entitled *The Appeal*, has been started at Washington, D.C. It is published by William Alexander Rind, Jr. who avows his object to be the elevation of the Hon. Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, to the Presidential Chair.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1835.

Dear Sir.—In the Senate on Thursday, Mr. Benton offered a resolution calling upon the President for information on various points of public importance, to be communicated at the commencement of the next session of Congress. Among these topics, are the following—the amount of nett revenue which will probably be received from customs from 1835 to 1842—the amount of revenue from public lands in the same period—the probable amount of the expenditures of government annually, to the end of the year 1842—the state of the fortifications—the amount expended since 1814—the increase of the Navy, &c. In the House, the bill to regulate the deposites of the public money of the United States, was taken up and discussed.

On Friday there was a strong debate in the Senate, on Mr. Calhoun's report, on executive patronage. Mr. Calhoun addressed the Senate in support of his positions, and was replied to by Col. Benton, who having indulged in personal remarks, was called to order by Gov. Poindexter. The President decided that Col. Benton was not out of order, but on an appeal the decision was reversed by a vote of 24 to 20. It is thought by some that a personal collision between Benton and Calhoun will ensue, but I am of the opinion that the latter has too much good sense to be drawn into a fight. In the House of Representatives, after reading reports, &c.; granting the use of the Hall of Representatives on Monday evening next, to the Temperance Society, for its Annual Meeting, reading and passing the private bills ordered last week to be engrossed for a third reading, the House proceeded to consider the bill for the relief of citizens of Arkansas who lost property by a treaty with the Choctaws; which bill was warmly discussed until the usual dinner hour; when the House adjourned, leaving it unfinished.

In the House on Saturday, Mr. John Q. Adams, took occasion to make a few remarks in explanation of his speech, a few days previous, on the French question, in which he was understood to come out in favor of the war. He denied any intention of reflecting on the Senate, and took the responsibility of saying that neither the Senate nor the House, would pass resolutions in favor of war. This explanation will, it is presumed, be regarded as satisfactory by his friends.

Mr. Calhoun's bill in relation to Executive patronage, was taken up for consideration on Monday, and after some discussion, passed to a third reading. The vote on third reading was as follows:—

YEAS.—Messrs. Bibb, Black, Clay, Calhoun, Ewing, Goldsborough, Kent, King, (of Ga.) Leigh, Linn, McKean, Mangum, Moore, Naudain, Poindexter, Preston, Preston, Silsbee, Smith, Southard, Swift Tomlinson, Tyler, Waggaman, Webster, White —26.

NAYS.—Messrs. Brown, Buchanan, Grundy, Hendricks, Hill, Kane, King, (of Ala.) Knight, Morris, Robinson, Ruggles, Shepley, Talmadge, Tipton, Wright—15.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Denny of Pennsylvania presented the memorial from the Delegates to a Convention assembled at Pittsburg on the 3d inst. in favor of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and praying Congress to make an appropriation for completing the western section of the canal; which was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals and directed to be printed. Mr. Denny also presented two memorials, one from the Ladies of Allegheny and vicinity,—the other from inhabitants of Pittsburg and vicinity,—both other from inhabitants of Pittsburg and vicinity,—both other from inhabitants of Pittsburg and vicinity,—both

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

THE MINSTREL.

BY JAMES N. BARKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Pa'rthia, fair musician, hasta,
Time was never made to waste,
Dallying with the chords so long,
While I'm languishing for song!

Well, then, let us talk awhile—
Not a word, nor e'en a smile?
How you girls can be so teasing,
Firing, when you find us freezing,
Freezing when you see us blazing,
Is, by Jupiter, amazing.

O, you're seated! thank you, sweet;
Let me now the boon entreat!
If of love you sing and play,
Let your heart breathe in the lay.

Some suppose that music lingers
Only in the flight of fingers;
Others that it "sticks i' the throat,"
On the quavering of a note;
Some his utter "poco fa,"
As Maelzel's image speaks "pa, pa."

True expression lives alone
Where the soul comes in the tone,
While the glowing cheek and eye
Lighten like the glorious sky.

Then is music's magic hour,
Then has poesy its power,
Then may word and sound impart
Thrillings to the "heart of heart;"
From the fount of feeling gushing,
Through each kindred bosom rushing;
Deeply flowing, brightly glancing,
Sense and soul at once entrancing.

Heed not what the censors say
(Tabbies, with their feelings gray)
Of affectation and grimaces—
You can ne'er make ugly faces.

Music, poetry and love,
Blended, like the graces move.
But the ancients held the notion,
That to move ask'd room for motion,
And they ne'er made grace or goddess
Caper in an iron Bodkin.

Though you face, when mode enforce it,
Put not the free soul *en cerset*,
Not with me at least—I'm still,
Come! a strain *ex drawbridle*.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Horror Movre.—Sorcery and Witchcraft.

Immediately after the acquittal of Lady Fowlis, her step-son and prosecutor, the eighteenth Baron of Fowlis, was presented at the bar to answer accusations in some respects similar, of which he also was found not guilty, by a jury the majority of whom had sat on the preceding trial. In January 1589-9, this gentleman, being taken ill, sent a servant with his own horse to bring to his assistance Marion Maclegarach, who is characterised as being "one of the most notorious and rank witches in all the realm;" and who as soon as she entered the house where he lay sick, gave him three drinks of water from three stones (probably some sort of rude stone cups). After a long consultation, she declared there was no hope of recovery, unless the principal man of the patient's house should suffer death for him; and it was determined, after some discussion, that this substitute should be George Monro, eldest son of Katherine Monro, Lady Fowlis. A plan was next devised for transferring the *vasa mortalis*, for the present, to George; according to which, in the first place, no person was to have admittance to the house were Hector lay, until his half-brother came; and, on his arrival, the sick man, with his left hand, was to take his visitor by the right, and not to speak until spoken to by him. In conformity with with these injunctions, several friends who came to inquire for the patient were excluded, and messengers were dispatched, both to George Monro's house, and to other parts of the country where he was thought to be engaged in the sports of the chase. Before he could be found, seven expresses had been sent after him, and five days expired. On the intelligence that his brother desired earnestly to see him, he repaired to the place, and was received in the form prescribed by the witch—Hector with his left hand grasping George's right, and abstaining from speaking until asked "How he did?" to which he replied, "The better that you have come to visit me," and uttered not a word more, notwithstanding his urgency to obtain an interview. The younger Monro having, in this manner, been brought fairly within the compass of the witch's spells, she that same night mustered certain of her accomplices, and having provided spades, repaired to a spot where two lairds' lands met, and, "at one after midnycht," digged a grave of the exact length of Hector Monro, and laid the turf of it carefully aside. They then came home, and MacIngarach gave her assistants instructions concerning the part that each was to perform in the remaining ceremonies. The object—namely, the preservation of Hector's life, and the death of George in his stead—being now openly stated, some of those present objected, that if the latter should be cut off suddenly, the hue and cry would be raised, and all their lives would be in danger. They therefore pressed the presiding witch not to make the sacrifice immediately, but to cause it to follow after such an interval as might obviate suspicion, which she accordingly engaged to accomplish, and warranted him to live till the 15th day of the ensuing April, at the least. This being arranged to the satisfaction of the persons assembled, the sick man was laid in a pair of blankets, and carried out to the place where the grave had been prepared. The party were strictly enjoined to be silent, and only Maclegarach, and Christian Neill, Hector's foster-mother were to utter the necessary incantations. Being come to the spot, their living burden was deposited in the grave, the turf being spread above him, and held down with staves. Maclegarach stood by the side of the grave, and Neill, holding a boy, a son of one Hector Leith, by the hand, ran the breadth of nine rigs, then returned, and demanded, "Which is your choice?" Thereupon the other, in name, it is to be supposed, of the Spirit of Death, replied, "Mr. Hector, I choose you to live, and your brother George to die for you." This form of conjuration was thrice gone through that night; and, on its completion, the sick man was lifted, carried home—not one of the company uttering a word further—and replaced in bed.

To the efficacy of this singular spell was attributed not only the recovery of Hector but the death of George Monro, though the latter continued in perfect health, not only for the time warranted by the witch, but for a year longer. He was taken ill in April, 1590, and died on the 3d of June following. MacIngarach was highly favored by the gentleman, who supposed he owed to her his life. As soon as his health was restored, "he the dewdlach maran forsaid," he carried her to the house of his uncle at Kildrummady, where she was entertained with as much obsequious attention as if she had been his spouse, and obtained such pre-eminence in the country, that no one durst offend her, though her ostensible character was only that of keeper of his sheep. Upon the information of Lady Fowlis, the protector of MacIngarach was compelled to present her at Aberdeen, where she was examined before the king, and produced the stones out of which she had made the baron drink. These enchanted cups were delivered to the keeping of the Justice Clerk; but we are not informed as to the fate of the witch herself.

The most curious point of this trial is the opinion which it shows to have prevailed, that disease could not be expelled except by being transferred to some other living being. We have already seen the same opinion exemplified in the case of Archbishop Adamson, whose malady was indeed removed, but not entirely built d, having been allowed to cut off a white pony as his substitute. A similar belief entertained by the inhabitants of King George's Sound, among whom, as Mr. Nind, who resided to form the colony in that part of Australia, informs us, "If a man is ill, and imagines he shall not recover, he attempts to kill somebody, and lancies by so doing that he shall get well again." We may consider as a branch of the same superstition a receipt for removing warts, now only peculiarly recommended, which is to tie up in a bag as many small stones as there are excrescences to be got rid of, and to throw it out upon the highway; when the waste will disappear from the skin of the person who cast away the bag, and grow upon that of him who chances to pick it up.

While we read the details of these trials for witchcraft we are not so much surprised that people should be found ignorant and wicked enough to engage in such practices as that their efficacy should have been so universally credited. It has been alleged that the prosecutions were instituted rather with a view to protect the people from the impositions of pretended sorcerers, than from a belief that the power of enchantment was actually exercised, and required to be checked. But there can be no doubt that those who put the law in force were under the influence of the same superstition which held sway over the mass of their countrymen. Here we have a baron who had the power of trying witches, and who was yet himself the dupe of their practices; and the terms in which he was arraigned show that those who presided in the highest criminal court in the kingdom were not more enlightened in this respect. The indictment charged the prisoner that "ye gat your health be the devilish means foirsaid." And further it says, "ye are indicted for art and part of the cruel, shameful, and odious slaughter of the said George Monro, your brother, by the enchantments and witchcrafts used upon you and by your device, by speaking to him within your bed, taking of him by the right hand, conform to the injunctions given to you by the said Marion Ingraach, in the said month of January, 1588 years; *throw the which inchantmentis he tuke one dridlie scithnes in the moneth of Aprile, 1590 yeiris, and continewand their-in until Junii thairefter decreasit in the said moneth of Junii, bring the thrid day if that instant.*" Nothing can more plainly declare the opinion that the death of the younger brother was accomplished by the efficacy of charms, for not only is his illness here described as being produced by them, but as being produced by them though at an interval of a year and three months after their performance.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE BREATH OF DEATH.

There is a small round valley in the island of Java in the form of a large kettle. This place, which contains only a few acres, is called 'the Valley of Death,' because no man, bird, or beast, can descend into it and live to make their escape. As you approach the banks of this fatal valley, within which no tree or living vegetable is ever seen, your blood is chilled within you as you look down upon the whitened skeletons of men and animals, who have here fallen victims either to accident or rashness. But what is most surprising, and would be altogether incredible without the testimony of facts and daily experience, is that many of the inhabitants, although warned by the fate of others before them, venture presumptuously into the abode of death, and are irrevocably lost. It is now very well ascertained that the deadly poisonous air of this valley is carbonic acid gas, which is heavier than common air, and is formed by the decomposition of bituminous matter in the bottom of the valley, Java being, as is well known, a volcanic island, the gas rises to a certain height in the valley, and then throws off in subterranean passages, as it does also in the Grotto del Cane, or Dog's Grotto in Italy.

Were our own house situated upon the margin of this gaseous lake of death, how careful should we be to counsel and instruct our children and family, in order to prevent their falling into a death at once so sudden and awful. And how should we guard our own footsteps too, when travelling upon the brink of the clayey and slippery steep, lest some false step should in a moment launch us into the open sepulchre. But strange to tell, we convert our houses and cellars into just such a valley of death, whenever we kindle a fire of charcoal, or any kind of coal, either in grates, furnaces or stoves, unless we have the furnace, grate &c. immediately in the chimney or conducting to it directly, and unless the atmosphere is of sufficient density to carry off the gas as fast as it is formed by the burning the coal. Otherwise the gas, being heavier than common air, will settle like water into the lowest places, and when once breathed into the lungs, it produces almost instant death. It is extremely dangerous in stormy weather to sit or sleep in a room with coal fire of any kind, if the winds blow the smoke and gases into the room. And opening the windows does not always answer. The door must be opened, so as to let the gas off at the bottom of the room. Otherwise, little children whose heads are not as high as the window, will certainly lose their lives. Frequently by shutting the valves of stoves in order to save the heat, this same 'valley of death' is produced. Particular pains should be taken to instruct servants in regard to this thing. Frequently the burning of a lamp in a small room produces the like fatal and deadly effect. In a cellar or vault where vegetable fermentation is going on to any extent, we must remember that there is but a step between us and death. Also in small rooms where many people are assembled, with the doors shut, the pure air is immediately breathed by those present, and the vital part of it, or the oxygen as is supposed, coming as it were in contact with the blood in the lungs, takes from the blood the superabundance of carbon it has acquired by circulation, and forms carbonic acid: and consequently the air we breath out is carbonic acid gas, a deadly poison, the same fatal air that fills the 'valley of death' in Java. The fatal effects of breathing this gas in various ways are truly alarming. *Many who do not think* and die immediately are yet miserably injured by it for years. But people will not believe. They still allow charcoal to be burned in their cellars to portable furnaces, even when there is no fire place or possible escape for the gas. They still keep their doors closed with coal fires when the pressure of the atmosphere is taken off, or when the wind blows the gas back into the room. Only yesterday a good man fainted and was carried out of his office insensible or dead, and this is only one instance of the hundreds and thousands who are thus suddenly launched into this 'valley of death.' They still go into crowded rooms and send their children into crowded schools, where the air is vitiated from day to day, if not from generation to generation, and in all this, like the foolish Javanese, they suppose that they are exceptions in the human family, and that they shall escape without injury. I have one favor to ask of the class of people; I ask them to go with me to the island of Java—to accompany me to 'the fatal valley,'—and while they stand upon the brink and look down upon the ghastly, frightful bones, that if then they are determined to make a plunge, they will at least consent to leave their children in the enjoyment of free and healthful air.

J. MACADAM, Jr.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

The first object that presents itself for the consideration of the student in the science of agriculture, is gas, which may be defined to be, *all permanently elastic fluids*, except the atmosphere.

Steam is only a mechanical division of water, the particles of which are separated by caloric, or heat; but no chemical union has in that state taken place between the particles, and as soon as the temperature is reduced the laws of affinity prevail between the separated particles, and it regains its former state of water. Not so of gas; it retains its elastic form under all degrees of temperature.

It is a fact now sufficiently ascertained, that the food of plants must be reduced into this state before it can be received into the vegetable mass. In the bowels of the earth, the manure is reduced by fermentation into a state of gas, and being mixed with the water in the soil, is then absorbed by the roots of plants, and carried into the circulation forming the sap. Different kinds of earth being discovered in the remains of vegetables, does not militate against this doctrine, for the earths and metals are likewise formed by a union of the same gases, combined with their peculiar bases, which are volatile. Clay, sand, and lime are composed, as we shall hereafter show, by the combination of oxygen gas, with the peculiar metallic bases which form these several earths. If then we may be permitted to suppose that the matter of these several bases, which are known to be extremely volatile, are present in the circulating sap, and we do not see why that supposition may not as well be indulged as any others that are adopted, we shall then have present all the constituent principles of the earths, in a gaseous state; and by simply obeying the laws of affinity their particles will unite and compose the different earths within the vegetable substance.

The constituent principles of vegetable matter are very simple, and are reduced principally to these three, oxygen gas, hydrogen gas and carbonic acid gas. To these three principles merely, all vegetable substances may be reduced.

All that endless variety of appearance, which presents itself in the vegetable kingdom; the stately oak, and the tender daisy; the hardy lignumvitæ, and the pulpy mushroom; the poisonous upas, and the healing balm; the nauseous assafœtida, and the sweet-scented rose; together with all the various colors, shades, and tints, presented to us in the flowers and foliage which cover the earth, have all been composed from the three gases we have mentioned. Not only in these different vegetables separately, do they compose such opposite substances, but from the same trunk, and from the same apparently homogeneous mass of sap, are compounded substances as opposite in their qualities as any that have been mentioned—for instance, the seed of the stupifying poppy produces an oil as bland as the olive, and is cultivated in great quantities in France for table use; while from the milky juice extracted from its head, is produced the opium of our shops: and the delicious pulp of the peach, encloses in its kernel a poison as deadly as arsenic.

All these various results are occasioned by a slight variation in the combination of these gases.

Potatoes—Planted at one foot deep produced shoots at the end of the spring; at two feet, not till the middle of the summer; at three feet, their roots were very short, and did not come to the surface; below three feet they never vegetated. Several were buried in a garden at three and a half feet, and after two years were found without any germination, but with their original freshness, firmness, and proper taste.—*Ann. Soc. Agr. Fer.*

Pollen in the Air.—The grains of pollen often fill the air. Tiresianus saw ponds covered with the pollen of the wild pine, from a wood half a league off. So M. Kaulfuss adds, may the most grains float to a part where there were no vegetables below. We every day see how rapidly a new wall or roof is covered with the *gymnospermium* vatum, and grimana lucculata.—*Bull. Univ.* 1829, p. 436.

Horses.—There are many hundreds of these valuable animals killed every summer in the U. States, by giving them water when they are heated. It is a most absurd and destructive practice of stage drivers and others, giving their horses water every five or six miles when travelling. Farmers who work horses at a plough, harrow, or cart, never give them water from the time they go to work after breakfast until they break off work to go to dinner, a period not less than four hours, and the same in the afternoon until they quit work at sundown, and it seldom happens that horses are killed that are worked upon farms. The same bad practice exists in England. We were once riding in a stage coach from Brighton to London, on a very warm day, when the driver stopped, watered his horses, and set out again upon a fast trot; in a few minutes all four of them died upon the spot. They manage these things better in France. They never water their horses only when they are fed. We recollect on a very warm and dusty day, travelling in a stage over the hills of Normandy—the horses foaming with sweat and covered with dust. The driver stopped at an inn, and when we expected to see him with his bucket, giving water to each, he brought from the house a SPITTLE, and poured out into his hand some contents, he washed each horse's nose, and threw a little upon them. On enquiring, we found that it was VINEGAR; and although they had already travelled a long stage, went off as fresh as at the first starting.—*Cincinnati Daily Advertiser.*

The Farmer.—The farmer should have a thorough knowledge of soils, and the best and most improved methods of cultivation; he should be ready to adopt the improvements that tend to the saving of labor and expense, and the increasing of products. If there is a way to make two blades of grass grow, (and there are many such ways,) where but one grew before, he should know it, and give himself and his country the benefit of it. If a breed of stock is found, more kind for milk or fat, than he had before, his attention should be alive to the subject.

Every farmer, who has natural understanding, ought to be a well informed man, in reading and thinking, in theory and practice; such we all ought to be, and such the farmers of this country can be.—*Jones.*

Swellings.—To scatter swellings on horses or other cattle, take two quarts of proof whiskey, or other proof spirits, warm it over coals, but not to blaze—dissolve it in a pint of soft soap—when cool, put in a bottle, and add one ounce of camphor. When dissolved, it will form the liquid Opodeldoc, and is then ready for application, forming a cheap and useful remedy. When the swelling is on the leg, or any part that will receive a bandage, such bandage should be applied, and wet with the Opodeldoc.—*Banner Courier.*

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

A NUMBER of copies of the first three volumes of this valuable periodical, are on hand, and will be sold extremely low. The volumes will be furnished (unbound,) by mail, for 50 cents each, if early application is made to

SAML. C. ATKINSON,
jan 17—tf 36 Carter's Alley, Philada.

Jacob Sennett,

Brass, Steel and Cane Reed Manufactory, 185 North Second st., Philada.

This improved Cane Reed, for which he received a patent from the United States, he warrants to be superior in all respects to those made on the old plan.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for country merchants.

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at the lowest prices.

A general assortment of first quality Worsted Reddle Yarn, sold wholesale and retail. feb 14—3m*

HOLMES'S
Celebrated Cough Mixture,

FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Spitting of Blood, Liver Complaints, Hooping Cough, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

This highly useful medicine is prepared from the formula of a distinguished Physician of England, who, in the course of a very extensive practice, used it with the most unexampled success in the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Affections of the Chest.

It will be found to possess, in an eminent degree, the power of allaying the most distressing Cough, of loosening every expectoration, relieving difficulty of breathing, healing the throat, hoarseness, habitual cough, &c. It has effected more cures in the incipient stages of Consumption and winter cough of elderly people, than any other medicine now before the public, the most distinguished testimonials of which are constantly exhibited. It contains no opium, or any of the preparations, and may be taken with the greatest safety by the most delicate persons, requiring no confinement, and will not in the least interfere with business. Relief can be secured to a highly respectable gentleman, resident of this city, who procured the receipt for its preparation when in England, and who having for a long time suffered with obstruction of the breast and lungs, and incipient consumption, was by the timely use of this most excellent medicine, completely restored to health. Reference can also be given to other very respectable persons, who having used this medicine with great benefit, will most willingly bear testimony to its efficacy.

☞ Price 50 cents per bottle. Prepared only at MARSHALL'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, Philadelphia. feb 14—3m

Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS'
Levels,
SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.

No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical Instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The many recommendations in his possession, received from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making such a pledge.

As a surveying partner for the summer season, Mr. Draper, he also flatters himself he possesses an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation universally conceded to their instruments.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most favorable terms, by

EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 14—1y

CARPENTERS
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

It has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant, and speedy remedy for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it promptly allays pain, and where burns, it allays the heat, and ceases the process, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this valuable remedy, in preference to most of the ointments which are extended upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 201 Market st. above Fourth, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan. 20, 1834—eotf

Washington Hotel.

J. M. SANDERSON, late Superintendent of the Merchants' Coffee House and Philadelphia Exchange, respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has purchased of Mr. Wm. Jones, his entire interest in the well-known house, called the WASHINGTON HOTEL, (formerly kept by Mrs. Young,) situate on the south side of Market street, Philadelphia. The position of this establishment is too well known to require a detail of its advantages. It is confessed to be, for years of business, one of the most favourable of the city; and the present proprietor trusts that by the most unremitting care and industry can do to improve its natural advantages, shall not be wanting in any thing that his superintendence. The table, the bar and every other department, shall be provided with whatever can contribute to the comfort of the guests. With a reasonable share of their indulgence in the future, he hopes to make the *Washington Hotel* in all respects worthy of their approbation and support. feb 7—3t

Watches,
Cheap for Cash or Exchange

The subscriber having on hand a large assortment of Watches, Timepieces and Jewelry, will sell them at lower rates than they have been sold before. Also, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Thimbles—Silver Pencils, Sugar Tongs, Butter Knives, Silver Combs, Buckles, ever-pointed Pencils, Pomatum cases, Ear rings, Fingerrings, Breastpins, Brilliants watch Chains, Seals, Keys, &c. &c.

No. 180 North Second st. corner of New st. Philadelphia.

☞ Old Gold and Silver bought or exchanged.

N. B. Chronometers, Repeaters, Levers, Repeating, Lepine, and Plain Watches, repaired, cleaned and warranted. jan 17—3m

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Pleurisy, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATEH.

In the winter of 1832 and 1833, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with occasional relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I commenced taking the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, and at this time I was much restored. Two day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was so pressed with great hoarseness I was hardly able to speak. I commenced taking the Balsam, thinking if that failed, I should resort to medicine no further; but it did not disappoint my expectations. All the unfavourable symptoms were immediately relieved, the cough eased, and I have not been troubled with spitting of blood. I am now able to follow my trade, (that of a rope-maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it. WM. GODFREY.

Roxbury, Mass. Aug. 28, 1833.

I was satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with remarkable success as an ultimate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After one bottle of the Balsam, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active, but in laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.

Concord, N. H Jan. 20, 1834.

In October, 1830, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others, but the disease steadily increased: the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swollen, and my strength extremely reduced. The medicine seemed utterly hopeless; I was told by my physician that medicine could be of no further service to me, and it was not expected by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In this situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, (since she had heard highly recommended for similar complaints,) and prevailed on me to make trial of it. Its use was attended with the most unexpected and happy result. It gave me instant relief, and one bottle effected an entire cure. I have since been free from pain in my side and cough, except in the case of common colds.

Boston, March 1, 1832. SAMUEL EVERETT.

☞ Purchasers will please observe—Each genuine bottle is enclosed in a blue wrapper, on which is a yellow label signed SAMUEL RHEES. "*.*" None other can be genuine. The great celebrity of the genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these spurious mixtures, are the 'American Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Indian Pulmonary Balsam,' &c. &c. Purchasers should inquire for its true article by its whole name, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine.

For sale by I. Thompson, northwest corner of Market and Second streets; Edmund Pryor, corner of Green and Front streets; F. Brown, corner of 5th and Chesnut streets; I. W. Fairbairn, South Second street, opposite Green; Evans & Smith, corner of Ninth and Market; Samuel F. Gardiner, 30 South Eighth street. oct 26—now 1y

Macpelah Cemetery.

THIS Cemetery is situated on Prime street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets; a portion of the ground has been appropriated to the interment of such members, at the following rates—for those under 6 years, $5; those under 12 years, $7 50; all others, $20.

Deeds for lots can be had at either of the undersigned or from Wm. Gummey, Secretary, at the Cemetery.

President—John D. Brown, No. 23 Cedar Street.

Vice President—Thos. W. Newton, jr. No. 2 corner of Tenth and Filbert streets.

Treasurer—Daniel Groves, Third near Chatharine.

Secretary—Jacob S. Roberts, No. 32 South street.

DIRECTORS.

John Dougherty, No. 1, Hanover street, Southwark.
M. S. Perot, No. 180 Pine & Fifth street.
Joseph Roberts, Lombard street.
Thos. Roberts, No. 93 Cherry street.
Robt. Green, corner of Coopers st. and Passyunk Road.
John Penrose, 76 South Front street.
James Traquair, 233 South Third street.
Joseph M. Paterson, No. 57 Mead street.
John M. Mahon, Twelfth above Race.
Adam Reeves, No. 10 Bank street.
George Thompson, No. 4 Chesnut street.

Notice to Members—All members who have not yet received certificate deeds for their lots, are earnestly requested to call on the Secretary and do so, as it will prevent much inconvenience hereafter; and all those who are in possession of deeds not issued by the Treasurer, are requested to leave their names, with the lot and number of their lots with which their deeds may be only registered. may 15, '34—1aw1y

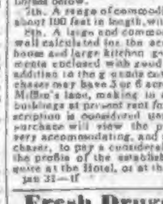
Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 276 Callowhill street, below Lawrence and Eighth streets, thankful for past favours, would inform his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Whall Painting, (imitation of Mahogany, Maple, Marble, &c., which he will execute at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

N. B.—Ready mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale wholesale and retail.

☞ An Apprentice wanted. nov 15—1aw1y

Samuel Hutchinson,

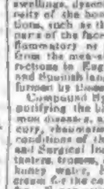


Clock & Watch Maker,
has removed to
No. 231 MARKET ST.
North Side
One door below the corner of Ninth
PHILADELPHIA.

Where he has for sale an assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Pencil Cases, Purse Clasps, Pen Knives, &c.

☞ Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted. jan 10—3t*

Fountain Green Hotel
FOR SALE.



ON the Columbia Rail Road, about 7½ miles from the city, and about half a mile east of the Bridge at Peters' Island, on the east bank of the Schuylkill, near the Philadelphia Ice Company's improvements. This property is one of the most eligible as a general and fashionable public resort, of any near the city, and has for the past season, and the present, received a very large and respectable portion of the public patronage. It commands an extensive view of the romantic Schuylkill, its western banks, canal, and pleasant retreats; also, boats unexcelled on the Schuylkill, the pleasure cars for which travelling afford convenience, amusement and profit. The distance by the Rail-road being short, and very beautiful, makes a most agreeable walking excursion, and the constant passing of the pleasure cars by means of the rail-road, a very pleasant conveyance. The communication opened by Mifflin's lane, at the sign of Washington, on the Ridge turnpike, about 3 miles from the city to the hotel, makes a delightful drive of about 6 miles. The grounds are handsomely laid out in gravel walks, and shaded with the most beautiful forest trees, and the water is abundant and of the very best quality. The improvements are,

1st. The Hotel of stone, with 2 octigan frame wings, as drawing rooms, front and back piazza, with pleasant lodging rooms, and good finished garrets.

2d. Two one story out-houses in the rear of the Hotel, and fronting on Mifflin's alley, one used as a drawing room, the other to prepare refreshments.

3d. Large stone building about 40 by 22, for the accommodation of large parties.

4th. One fancy summer house plastered, and it framed and lattced.

5th. A new frame about 90 by 14, intended for amusements.

6th. A frame stable 2 stories, with accommodations for [illegible]

7th. A range of commodious sheds for horses and carriages, about 100 feet in length, with a fountain near and well supplied.

8th. A large and commodious brick mansion, in good order, and finished with all the conveniences of modern wood house and large kitchen garden. The whole of the improvements enclosed with good stone, board and rail fencing. In addition to the grants covered by the improvements, the purchaser has about 7 or 8 acres of ground adjoining, with Mifflin's lane, making in all about 10 acres. The Hotel and buildings at present rent for $650 per annum. A further description is considered unnecessary, as any one disposed to purchase will view the property. Terms will be made very accommodating, and an opportunity afforded to the purchaser, to pay a considerable portion of the purchase out of the profits of the establishment. For further particulars, inquire at the Hotel, or at the office No. 231 Vine street.

jan 31—tf

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he intends to keep on hand at his Store, N. E. corner of 8th and Vine streets, Philadelphia, a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines of the best quality. Patent medicines of all kinds. Dr. Jonathan Moor's Essences of Life, highly esteemed for the cure of hoarse, colds, asthmas, consumptions, &c. &c.

Lately imported from Hamburgh, Dr. Lang's celebrated German Pills, for the cure of paralytics and other diseases of bodily members, complaints of the kidneys, rheumatism in the head, incapacitation for going to bed, sensation to the Fingers, hypochondria, giddiness, frenzy, intermitting and inveterate fevers, swellings, dysentries, cramps in the stomach, asthmas, convulsions of the bones, green sickness, jaundice, all sorts of eruptions, and in the latter, all sorts of pimples, or red spots in the face, cancers in the breast, swellings, whether inflammatory or not, putrid fevers, and those which proceed from the measles, &c. &c. Each box is accompanied by directions in English, which may be depended on to the Prussic, Cephalic and Spanish languages, stating the most wonderful cures performed by these pills.

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, a celebrated medicine for purifying the blood, and is safe and sure remedy for common disease, and those arising from an imprudent use of mercury, rheumatism, scrofulous affections and other depraved conditions of the general health. An assortment of Dental and Surgical Instruments, pure olive bottles, syringes, canisters, frames, &c. &c. Perfumery, such as Cologne water, honey water, French milk of roses, cream of roses, cold cream for the complexion, pearl powder, bears' oil, soaps, &c. &c. Fancy articles, viz. glass and common enamel bottles, indelible ink for marking, camel hair and other pencils, water colours, &c. &c. Also, pictures and wash-e glass, paints, oils, varnishes, prints mixed teas for sale, well colouring, drawing paper, &c. &c. Medicines for the cure of diseases of horses and cattle, &c. &c., all of which will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms.

W. M. JENNINGS.

jan 31—tf

To Southern and Western Merchants.

Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & STOCK
MANUFACTORY,
No. 6 South Fourth street, below Market.

A. L. VANBUREN respectfully informs the Southern and Western Merchants, that he has always on hand, at the above place, a general assortment of gum elastic, silk wrought and cotton SUSPENDERS, made in the most modern and approved style.

Also, silk, satin, velvet, bombazine and hair cloth STOCKS, made on the best Ritchie Frames, in warranted to wear well, of superior durability and shape, to be inferior to none made.

Also, manufacturers and has constantly on hand RUSSIAN Belts, vest stiffings, gum elastic boot straps and garters, cravat stiffners, Linen shirt collars and bosoms, and ready made Linen shirts, of the best quality.

All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.

Country merchants generally are respectfully invited to give him a call, before they purchase, at his old established stand No. 6 South Fourth street.

N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the piece or dozen. Also stocks covered anew, and suspenders repaired.

jan 31—3m

Wholesale Perfumery Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs western and southern merchants, druggists, perfumers and dealers generally, that he has greatly enlarged his establishment, which may be found at Nos. 84 and 86 South Third street, a few doors above the Exchange and Post Office, Philadelphia, where he continues to manufacture the following articles, of unrivalled quality, which may be imported or made in this country, viz:—Cologne, lavender, bergamot, jessamine, rose, violet and orange flower water, in bottles of various shapes and sizes, purified bears' oil, antique Macassar, Indian, Tyrian and other pomatums, &c. &c. Toilet, pearl and tooth powders, chlorine tooth wash, lip salve, court plasters, rouge in liquid and powder, depilatory cold cream, essences or extracts of all descriptions, Preston's salts and salt of rosemary, fancy soaps of every kind, and a general assortment of articles in the line, at lower prices than they can be elsewhere purchased. The subscriber furnishes to his customers almost generally for most of the articles, from the lithographic, lithographic and letter presses. His goods are put up in the most elegant manner, and the packing warranted. Printed prices current forwarded to persons who may desire them, and all orders filled with care and despatch.

Address, I. W. JENNINGS, Manufacturing Chemist.

INDIAN DYE, for colouring red, light or grey hair, whiskers and eyebrows, in the course of a single night, to a beautiful jet black or brown, without the slightest injury to the hair, and without the least trouble, being simple and easy in its application, and if applied according to the directions, it cases fails. Price 25 cents per bottle.

INDIAN OIL.—This article gradually colours the hair, and at the same time enhances its growth, if any is left. Persons of light hair, wishing it made a shade or two darker, will find this oil excellent for the purpose. It is pleasantly perfumed, and is admirable for dressing the hair, and if used after the Indian Dye, the hair will be kept of the desired colour.—Price 75 cents per bottle.

PURIFIED BEARS' OIL.—The subscriber has just received nine barrels of this invaluable oil, which has been purified with great care, and is warranted genuine. The oil is not entirely free from impurities and all rancidity. It is offered to the public as the best article known for promoting the growth, curling and preserving the hair, preventing it from falling out or turning grey, and giving it a beautiful glossy coal. It is pleasantly perfumed with the Otto of Roses, Orange and Lavender.—Price in vials of 25 and 50 cents each.

MILK OF ROSES.—The great celebrity of this cosmetic renders it almost superfluous to say anything further in its favour. Suffice to say, it is by far the best and most innocent remedy for pimples, tan, sunburn, morphew and roughness of the skin, ever discovered. It is recommended to gentlemen who suffer from irritation of the face, caused by the razor in shaving, and for the use of infants. It can be used when the least cautious, and leaves the skin beautifully soft and fair. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Also, Michaux's freckle wash, a certain cure for freckles.

The above, with a general assortment of perfumery, cosmetics, fancy soaps, &c. at wholesale and retail, by I. W. GLENN, Nos. 84 and 86 South Third street, opposite the Exchange and Post Office.

☞ Orders from the country promptly executed, and a large discount to dealers. As there are imitations of the above articles, purchasers are requested to ask for "Glenn's."

jan 31—

Cards.

THE subscriber has on hand an extensive and complete assortment of MACHINE CARDS and FILLETING, for Cardens, Fallers, Cotton and Woollen Manufacturers and Machine Builders. As I have patent machinery of superior quality, directed by my own power, and long and great experience, and well acquainted with every department of card manufacturing, together with materials of the best quality, I have no hesitation in warranting my cards to be not only as good, but as cheap, as any manufactured in the United States. Persons in want of Card clothing, are particularly invited to call. Manufacturers and Machine Builders can depend upon having a first rate article.

☞ All orders by mail, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to, if addressed to JOHN H. HASKELL.
feb 7—10t No. 5 Chesnut street.

Cheap Hat Stores.

NO. 208 Callowhill street, (south side,) second door below Third street, and 495 Market street, (north side,) 3rd door below Second street.

JAMES HILL, has always on hand, at his stores, an assortment of FUR and SILK HATS, of the best workmanship, manufactured under his own superintendence, which for quality cannot be surpassed in the City or Liberties.

J. H. particularly requ